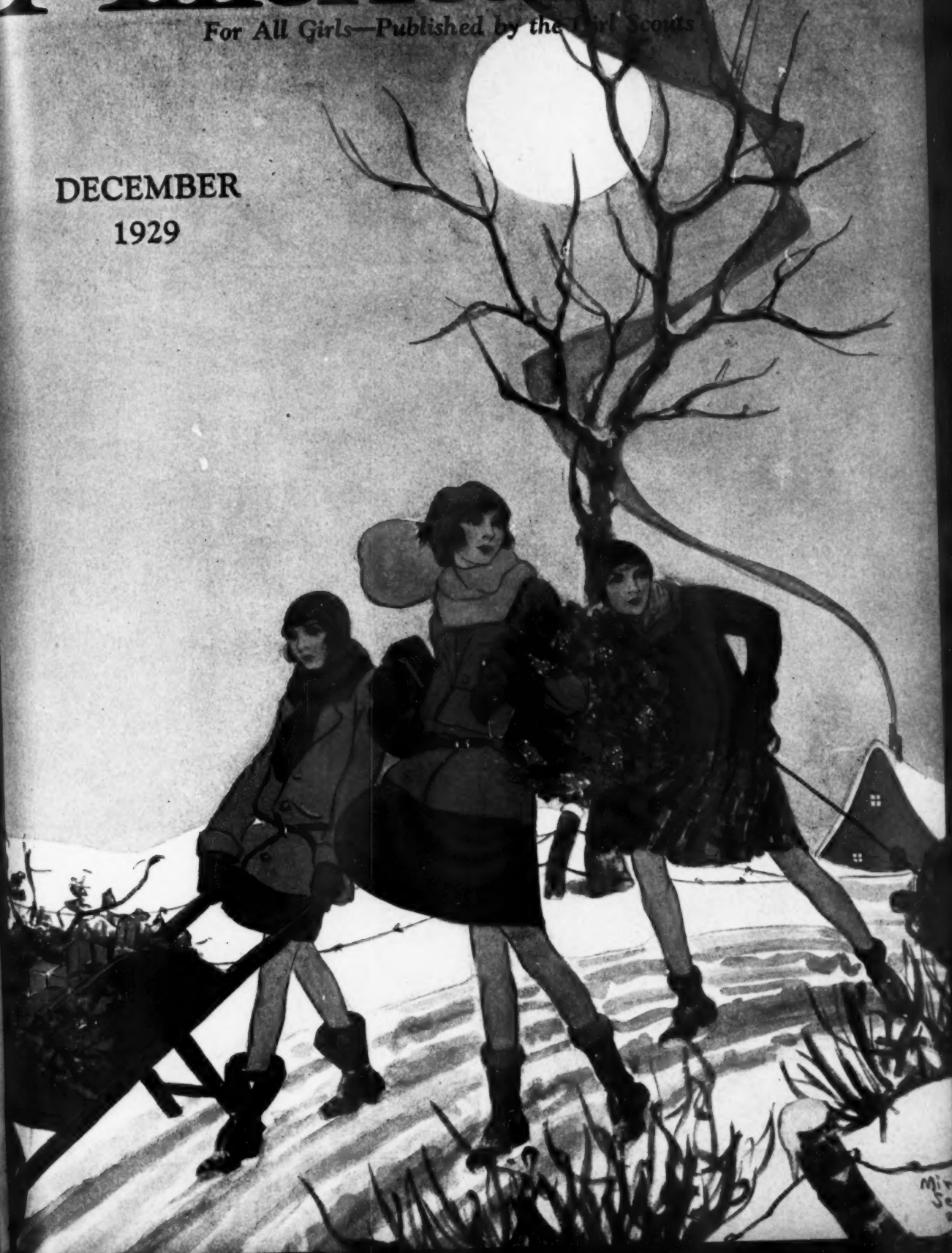


The American Girl

For All Girls—Published by the Girl Scouts

DECEMBER
1929



...the present every girl
sees first on her tree
**CHRISTMAS
MORNING!**



WOULDNT YOU like a Christmas present of twelve whole months of THE AMERICAN GIRL? Wouldnt *you* be glad if somebody gave *you* for Christmas your favorite of all magazines? That's just how *every* girl will feel when she sees this lovely card telling her that her Christmas present will come to her every single month. *You* know the delights of THE AMERICAN GIRL.

When you make your Christmas list, read first on page four all about Mary Ellen's bright idea. And then remember THE AMERICAN GIRL costs only \$1.50 for a year, or \$2.00 for two years. Mrs. Blank says, "What shall I give Betty for Christmas?" *You*, of course, and Mary Ellen know the answer. And that's—THE AMERICAN GIRL.

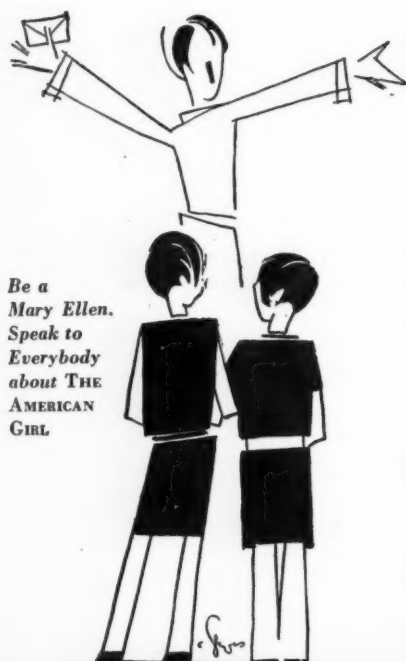
Have *you* entered THE AMERICAN GIRL Subscription Contest? Because now is your chance to get quantities of subscriptions—and possibly the first prize of a Ciné Kodak moving picture camera, projector and screen; or a second prize of a portable radio; or a third prize of a beautiful leather traveling bag. When people wonder what Christmas present to give girls your age, suggest THE AMERICAN GIRL because every subscription which you obtain may bring you one of these beautiful prizes. Read all about them in your October AMERICAN GIRL.

*Tell all the people listed below about THE
AMERICAN GIRL as a Christmas present:*

SOMEBODY'S AUNT	SOMEBODY'S FATHER	SOMEBODY'S GRANDMOTHER
SOMEBODY'S BROTHER	SOMEBODY'S SISTER	SOMEBODY'S UNCLE
SOMEBODY'S COUSIN	SOMEBODY'S MOTHER	YOUR BEST FRIEND
	YOUR NEXT-DOOR NEIGHBOR	

And see how enthusiastic they'll be! You or another can use the coupon on page forty-six. Fill it out immediately and send it to

THE AMERICAN GIRL 670 Lexington Ave., New York



Be a
Mary Ellen.
Speak to
Everybody
about THE
AMERICAN
GIRL

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Along the Editor's Trail

IT IS fairly easy for me to be calm and steady during the first part of November, for then, when someone says "Christmas" the event itself seems as far away as China or Timbuctoo. But when the fifteenth comes, and with it the injunction to "Do your Christmas shopping early"; and when the thirtieth comes and Santa Clauses, tall and short, lean and fat, appear on the street corners with red pails and bells; and when the middle of December comes and windows begin to be gay with holly wreaths and poinsettias—then something happens to me and I feel a glow inside and the same breathlessness that used to seize me as a child when I was going to a party.

Most people get a thrill out of Christmas—the season itself, I mean, not only the actual gifts, however lovely they may be, that appear on Christmas morning. Just see if you don't enjoy recalling your earliest Christmas memories—the bustle of preparation, of getting things ready. It was jolly trimming the tree—it still is, in fact—and decorating the fireplace with branches of evergreen and holly. The smell of those Christmas greens lingered in the house long after they had been burned on Twelfth Night, and each whiff of their spiciness was a sad reminder that Christmas was over and wouldn't be back for a whole year.

Nearly every family has its own special Christmas ritual. Some celebrate on Christmas Eve, and

some on Christmas morning. Some turn out, from oldest to youngest, for the town's carol service and then go home and have hot chocolate and cakes, or big red apples before going to bed. Some travel to the country or to the city to have Christmas dinner with grandfathers and grandmothers, and others have a houseful of cousins and aunts and uncles for the day. But whatever the plans, they are something to look forward to as a part of Christmas.

And that is as it should be. For Christmas is a tradition—one of the oldest—and traditions are fine things to have. They are something we can count on in this world of sudden changes and upheavals. Even if circumstances prevent the actual carrying out of the usual Christmas arrangements, the holiday feeling still exists—and that is the very root of the tradition.

"One Christmas is very much like another. Why get excited about it?" say some people who pride themselves on being reasonable, above all things. "There's a lot of money wasted on useless gifts and a lot of time spent in preparing for a day that goes just as quickly as an ordinary Sunday. It seems so foolish, this Christmas business."

Common sense? Perhaps. But who wants to exchange the tingle and warmth of Christmas cheer for cold common sense? I don't, for one. And I hope you don't, either. For I want to wish every one of you a merry, merry Christmas!

A table of contents for this issue will be found on page 66

MARGARET MOCHRIE, *Editor*
PAULINE STEINBERG, *Assistant Editor*

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**Mary Ellen's
Bright Idea**

MARY ELLEN, Girl Scout and for three years one of THE AMERICAN GIRL's most ardent and enthusiastic subscribers, was making out Christmas lists. She must, of course, give presents to Edith and Alice Mary and Jody. And then there was Cousin Ruth, who lived on a ranch in Texas. The family always sent a Christmas box, and her own gift to her cousin was always included.

Now Edith likes short stories better than anything in the world. So Mary Ellen gave her more than forty short stories, that she could read all through the year—at least three or four a month. Alice Mary, though, is of a different type. She prefers cooking and making attractive luncheon dishes to all the short stories ever published. Mary Ellen, therefore, gave her for Christmas pages and pages of new ideas for perfectly delicious dishes. Jody, on the other hand—well, she isn't exactly vain, but she is very careful about her looks. So Mary Ellen gave Jody twelve fascinating lessons on how to make the most of her already charming self—how to dress, how to comb her hair, and a thousand and one other valuable hows. To Cousin Ruth she gave three exciting books, one of them a perfectly corking mystery story.

Now the funny part of it is that Mary Ellen gave exactly the same Christmas gift to every single girl—and she thinks maybe she'll get a beautiful present besides. This is how it is. Mary Ellen gave a year's subscription to THE AMERICAN GIRL to each of her friends. She knew that every single girl would find some part of the magazine exactly what she'd been wanting for many, many months. Besides, Mary Ellen knew that THE AMERICAN GIRL is having a subscription contest that closes January 31, 1930 at midnight. If Mary Ellen got first prize for sending in the largest number of subscriptions, she would receive a complete moving picture camera outfit.

But then, you've all read about the lovely prizes that are offered in this contest—and you know about the rules, too, if you've read your October copy.

Don't you think it would be a good idea if you pleased your friends as Mary Ellen plans to delight hers? And if you give a great many of your friends subscriptions to THE AMERICAN GIRL, you'll not only give them new pleasure, but you will stand a very good chance of winning for yourself a prize that you will value.

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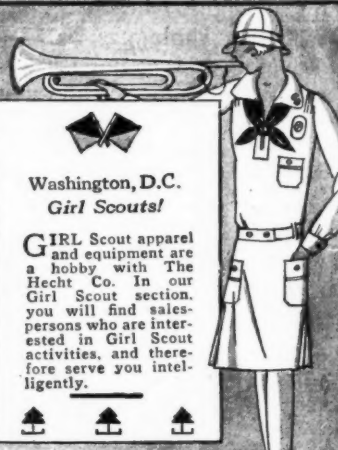
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Here's the latest thing in "indoor sports togs". School girls everywhere have decided it. For these attractive MAN O' WAR dancing and ballet rompers were too good to be confined to just one use. So now you will see them in the gymnasiums of the smartest schools, at girls' parties, at sorority initiations, at masquerades and, in fact, wherever fun demands freedom and comfort. Buy these rompers with your Christmas money. You will find dozens of ways to use them and you will always be proud to wear them when the occasion demands.

MAN O' WAR dancing rompers are as inexpensive as they are smart and becoming. They are made in neat checks, fancy prints and in green, blue, or tan broadcloth. The retail price is only \$2.00. And the quality is the same that has made MAN O' WAR Middy the favorite Girl Scout Middy for years. If your local store hasn't stocked these colorful dancing rompers yet, send the coupon with check or money order and we will ship them to you parcel post, pre-paid, either direct or through a store near you. Sizes from 30 to 40 bust.



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THROUGH a special arrangement with the author, *The American Girl* is able to offer its subscribers for Christmas a limited number of copies of the \$2,000 American Girl-Harper prize book of fiction for girls. In serial form this book proved overwhelmingly popular, and since its publication as a novel so many requests have come into this office, that we are extending this special offer to our readers.



High praise for the author, Walter S. Ball

has followed the publication of *Carmella Commands*, which establishes a new and different standard in fiction for the teens,—a book that adroitly handles a vital American problem, and that creates in "Kid Kate" a flesh and blood character that will live. Her prototype he watched in a railroad station purchasing the tickets, managing the baggage, and directing the affairs of her parents who could speak no English.

The \$2,000 Prize

was awarded in order to discover something distinctive in fiction for girls. After examining hundreds of manuscripts, the judges selected *Carmella Commands* for the award, although they recognized the probability of the book creating a storm of protest from the conventional-minded and of controversy among young and old.

Truly amazing has been the response

of readers and these enthusiastic opinions are among the countless that we have received.

"Interested me greatly . . . I am glad you plan to publish it for we need more good stories presenting just this phase of American life."—Bertha E. Mahony
"An accurate picture of life in Little Italy. It has real life."—Claude G. Leland
". . . a personality in the heroine. The story is full of fine touches."—Kathleen Norris

"Strikes me fairly and squarely as a very fine sort of book indeed, and one that I am more than a little glad to have read and sincerely glad that there is such a book abroad. It is more than a prize book; it is a necessary feat in young American education." Providence Journal

"Strongly written, all the characters well-placed with no puppets among them, *Carmella Commands* will earn its keep as the un-sissiest story of girlhood's fictional year. There isn't a line of cant in it."—Buffalo Sunday Times

AMERICAN GIRL-HARPER

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Walter S. Ball

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Readers of THE AMERICAN GIRL and their friends now may procure autographed copies of this thrilling story through the courtesy of Mr. Ball at no extra cost. Here is your opportunity to start your own collection of autographed books, and remember that the books cost you no more than the regular published price. Merely fill out the coupon with the name or names to which you want your copies inscribed and mail the coupon immediately to us.

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An "American Girl" renewal for your Christmas present—



WE KNEW that many of our readers like the covers on *THE AMERICAN GIRL*, but here we have a real enthusiast in Eleanor Gustavson of Flint, Michigan. She writes: "How many of you are saving your *AMERICAN GIRLS*? I am, and I'm going to bind them. You can make lovely covers by punching holes in the magazines and binding them similar to photograph albums. As for the covers, they can be made quite easily by covering cardboard with wallpaper or any other figured or pretty paper. Then print the year on the outside. When finished, you have a pretty book, ready for future reference and reading material. I know of nothing quite so nice as to sit down any rainy afternoon and look over old *AMERICAN GIRLS*, reading a choice story or article here and there."

ELEANOR makes us feel a good deal more cheerful about our covers, you see, than does Beulah F. McIntire of Mitchell, Indiana, who writes: "When I started taking *THE AMERICAN GIRL* over two years ago, one of the things I liked best was our extraordinary cover pictures. As I tear off the wrapper now I invariably find something less beautiful and less original than I expected."

SO, AS an antidote to this discouraging news, we turn to a lively subject. These days, when there is such a variety of interesting things to do, most girls have to ride hobbies. Here is Barbara Freuh, Troop Twenty-seven, Ogunquit, Maine, who tells about her own. "You asked what other hobbies *AMERICAN GIRL* readers might have. Don't you suppose some girls might be interested in dramatics? I have been interested in puppets and marionettes for the past year, and I know a few other people who have been, too. Why don't you give the readers an article about dramatics? I think lots of girls would find it interesting and helpful."

ELEANOR NELSON of Rockford, Illinois, in addition to being a real landscape gardener, is interested in antiques, too. She writes: "I'd like to have something in *THE AMERICAN GIRL* about how to complete a room full of antiques. That is, how to make pillows and what kind. I'd also like to know how to electrify an old kerosene lamp." If we had room, we'd tell Eleanor ourselves. But as it is, we'll have to send her to the Rockford Public Library, which surely will know. There are many books on antiques.

Well, of All Things!

BARBARA BEMIS of East Lansing, Michigan, writes us that she likes *THE AMERICAN GIRL* for a number of very special reasons, and among other things she says: "I am another member of the happy throng of *AMERICAN GIRL* readers, having been a subscriber for a year and a half. I think this magazine excels so many others published for girls in the variety of its contents. Its range is wide, for *THE AMERICAN GIRL* contains everything from helpful suggestions concerning cooking, dressmaking, styles and so forth, to an original line of entrancing stories."

BUT JANE FARQUHAR of Chicago, Illinois, adds her "letter to your pile of brick-bats and bouquets. I think *THE AMERICAN GIRL* is great, but please can't you do away with some of the articles? I like those about Mary Ellen and that special article on hair, but those on setting tables and the like are rather boring."

MOST of our readers, like Dorothy Taylor of Lawton, Iowa, are "glad that *Well, of All Things!* is a full page now," and she adds: "I certainly enjoy reading the stories, especially those by Mary Frances Shuford. Let's have more. Could we have some stories by Earl Reed Silvers? One girl asked for more dog stories—could we have a story about a horse also? I have found them great pals, too."

AND HERE'S another horsewoman—this time from Connecticut. Grace Ferson of Hartford, Connecticut, says: "I wish you would put a full page picture in the front of the book, having a different animal each month. I love animals and I collect their pictures. I know loads of other girls who take *THE*

AMERICAN GIRL would like it, too. I would also just love to see an article in the magazine about horses and horseback riding. It would aid both those who could and could not ride."

WE WERE more pleased than we can say to learn that Charlotte G. Shapiro of New York City, is enthusiastic about one of our very special favorite books. And we agree with her when she says: "The book entitled *The Crock of Gold* was written by James Stephens and is a delightful and refreshing fairy tale for grown-ups. This pleasant taste of fairy-land prompted me to write to *THE AMERICAN GIRL* and let it know of my feelings concerning fairy tales, for I certainly do not feel too old for them."

ONE OF the most interesting letters we have received lately came to our desk the other day from Isabel Moody of Cleveland Heights, Ohio. And we feel genuinely complimented to learn how she became interested in *THE AMERICAN GIRL*. She writes: "Until several months ago I never paid much attention to *THE AMERICAN GIRL* magazine. Not because I wasn't interested in and didn't like it, but simply for the reason that I had never had a copy in my hands and didn't know the nature of the magazine. Then, suddenly, my younger sister began to bring it home each month from the library. So, in want of something to read, I picked up a copy and was soon deep in the contents. Now I read everything."

THEN, just for variety, along comes Mildred Lokken of Seattle, Washington, with another idea for a contest. Here it is: "I think it would be fun to have a story writing contest, for the readers who like to write, and the best story could be published in the magazine. As I love to write stories, I think it would be interesting." And what do you think about that?

WE WISH we had columns more of space where we could publish all the interesting letters that come to the *Well, of All Things!* desk. They help us a very great deal in our efforts to make *THE AMERICAN GIRL* as interesting as it possibly can be to all of you. We like to hear from you, and we like to have all the suggestions and comments you make—for this is your magazine, and you can help to make it a good one almost more than can anyone else in the world.

Ask your mother, aunt, or grandmother for it today



Christmas

By ELEANOR FARJEON

This is the week when Christmas comes.

Let every pudding burst with plums,
And every tree bear dolls and drums,
In the week when Christmas comes.

Let every hall have boughs of green,
With berries glowing in between,
In the week when Christmas comes.

Let every steeple ring a bell,
With a joyful tale to tell,
In the week when Christmas comes.

Let every night put forth a star,
To show us where the heavens are,
In the week when Christmas comes.

This is the week when Christmas comes.

From "Come Christmas"

Published by Frederick A. Stokes Company

THE AMERICAN GIRL

The Magazine for All Girls—Published by the Girl Scouts

Margaret Mochrie, Editor

December, 1929

By JANE ABBOTT

Illustrations by
Edward
Poucher



Ginna permitted especially favored freshmen to keep the photograph in their desks for a time

The Fall of the Mighty

MART MUNRO'S downfall started when she told Carol Haskins that Ginna Wylie made her "tired." "I'm sick of hearing her talk about her cousin Jack. Maybe he did fly across the Atlantic, but lots of people are doing that now. It isn't reason enough to talk about him every single minute."

Up to the moment of that tactless remark Martha and Virginia had been friendly enemies, friendly because each was the sort of girl that just naturally attracted the other, enemies because each was the sort of girl that just naturally rivalled the other. Mart was conceded the best basketball forward Winfield High ever had had, always acclaimed noisily when she appeared with her team, and Ginna was equally outstanding on the hockey field. While Ginna led their players the Winfield hosts could sit back at ease, confident that their school would win. Mart was chairman of the Junior Day Committee and Ginna was chairman

of the Inter-school Meet, both elected to those honorable offices without a dissenting vote. Mart was a Delta Phi and Ginna was a Theta Nu, and as far as prestige was concerned these two societies were neck to neck. More than once the faculty had referred to Miss Munro and Miss Wylie as "models." Both had been on the town committee to receive the Governor when he came to address the Legion.

Each girl had her separate following. Freshmen divided, some kneeling at Mart's feet to adore, but an equal number at Ginna's. Sophomores hung about them, watching greedily for the chance crumbs of friendliness. Seniors bent from their high estate to seek them out. Juniors were as humble clay in their hands.

When prominent citizens, in addressing the school body, spoke of how the world needed leaders, everyone just involuntarily looked at Mart and Ginna. Even Miss Ald-

rick of the English department had smiled down at them from the platform.

It was as if that fairy godmother, supposed to preside at every girl-child birth, had weighed and apportioned her gifts so as to bestow them impartially upon these two. "This for you, Martha—" she must have said when she gave Martha her curly hair. "This for you, Virginia," when she gave Virginia her straight, beautifully modeled nose and so on throughout the sixteen years of their lives.

Ginna's father had built a big new house out in Park Edge, but Winfield people as often pointed out the Munro place to their visiting relatives. "Old Judge Munro built it—you know the one who was sent by President somebody—I've forgotten which one—way back before the Civil War—to somewhere or other in Europe. There's lovely old furniture in the house, and a vase that the King of Spain gave the Judge's wife—I guess it was Spain the Judge was sent to—and—"

Ginna's father drove around in a long, slender, swift blue automobile, but Mart's father kept two beautiful saddle horses, and quite as many eyes followed Mart, riding beside her father, as followed Ginna, slouched down in the seat beside the Wylie chauffeur.

No, the fairy godmother had not quit on her job after giving these two the proverbial sweet-tasting spoon. At least so you would have said. But if Mart Munro took stock of her gifts and credited the fairy godmother with the giving of them, which likely she didn't do, either the one thing or the other, she would have wished sadly that the godmother hadn't given Ginna her Cousin Jack and left her without one.

Cousin Jack had achieved his remarkable feat in July. To be sure he had had to be fished out of the Atlantic, but the world had acclaimed him a hero nevertheless, and every newspaper from coast to coast had heralded his bravery. Like Lindbergh, he was a trail-blazer of the air. A youth for American youth to emulate.

And two weeks later *The Winfield Bee* had come out with the startling announcement that this hero was a cousin of their own Wylies—almost right in the family!

Mr. and Mrs. Wylie were in Europe at the time—un-



Tommy O'Neill, the daring cowboy, beloved for his wild riding, had been in a picture at the Olympia only a few

fortunately they had sailed in June—otherwise they might have flown with Cousin Jack. Ginna was the only one of the family at home to receive the town's hearty congratulations. "He's only a fourth cousin," she answered to them; however, such a fourth cousin one could take to one's heart closer than the closest of firsts. The old housekeeper who was chaperoning Ginna while her parents were away had rheumatism and shut the door in *The Bee's* reporter's face. Chown, the chauffeur, said he didn't know anything about it, for Chown belonged to that small group who liked to belittle the modern pioneers. "What's flying across the Atlantic now?" you could hear Chown say, lifting his scrap of a mustache in a sneer.

But when *The Bee* printed Ginna's picture next to the Jack Wylie features, caught in a stern helmet, poor Mart knew a fleeting pang of envy, quite excusable. It grew with the summer, to ache with considerable pain when schoolmates, returned from camp and vacation sojourns, gathered around Ginna to know more about Cousin Jack. Mart had to admit that Ginna was modest in her new glory, really trying to escape the avalanche of questions, even blushing at them. But it gave Ginna a lead on her. Some of her own faithful following had gone over to Ginna right before her very eyes—and that hurt quite a lot.



weeks before. Tommy, with his captivating grin—he was Mart Munro's own cousin!

That mattered, because Statistics Day was coming. On that day the underclass body by informal vote selected from the junior class the prettiest girl, the most studious girl, the best-dressed girl, the noisiest girl, and the most popular. The other honors didn't matter, they were jokes, but the popular vote *did*. It had happened almost without exception that the junior who won that honor became in the course of time president of the senior class.

"You'll get it, Ginna," the Wylie camp said so often that Ginna began to feel that she was predestined for the honor.

"You'll get it, Mart," her followers assured her with such confidence that Mart *saw* herself as the most popular girl of the juniors.

Until now—

Gloomily she went over her stock of relatives. Dead judges who had been sent to Spain by a president one couldn't remember didn't count in her reckoning. She questioned her mother, who looked mildly surprised at her sudden interest in her kin. But it gained her nothing. There wasn't a soul of them, on either her father's or mother's side who'd done anything that could be talked about. They were just—ordinary, and as dull as last week's newspaper.

Some of her despair crept into her questioning. "Haven't

we any relatives that—that have done something—well, sort of brave, heroic?"

Mrs. Munro always was quick to grasp her opportunities. "It's bravery, my dear, to live in a simple way—making something beautiful out of the ordinary—"

"Oh, I mean something the newspapers print about—" Mart broke in, impatiently.

"Well, the newspapers had too much to say about your Cousin Tom, Della Munro's boy. I wouldn't read one for a week after it happened."

"What happened?" Mart grabbed.

"Why, that thing he did, out West. Jumping his horse through a freight car on a siding—"

Mart quivered to a great excitement. Why, that was Tom Mix's stunt! A cousin who could do *that*—

"To escape a constable," Mrs. Munro finished, in disgust. "Poor Della—my heart ached for her."

Mrs. Munro thought Mart's silence meant that the girl shared her own disapproval; in reality it covered only an immense disappointment.

A photograph of Jack Wylie had appeared at school—Mart supposed Ginna had brought it there. It went the rounds of the freshmen, Ginna permitting especially favored ones to keep it in their desks for a length of time proportionate to their rank in her favor. Sophomores coveted it, too, and Ginna graciously conceded them a turn with possessing it. The determined features of the daring young aviator became a little soiled from handling but were the more precious because of that.

Mart saw all that with unpleasant foreboding—she knew what it meant. Ginna was buying votes. And finally from her foreboding and dismay sprang the impulse that led her to her fatal and tactless speech in Carol Haskin's hearing.

Carol was neither a Delta nor a Theta Nu but was perfectly willing to join whichever one asked her first. She adored both

Mart and Ginna, but not at the same time. So she went at once to one of Ginna's henchmen and repeated what Mart had said. And the henchman repeated it to Ginna. Ginna listened sadly. *Had* she talked so much about her Cousin Jack? She hadn't meant to—after all, he hadn't done much of anything. And the freshmen who heard her say that remonstrated hotly—Mart was just jealous. She didn't have any cousin to boast about!

All of which Carol retold to Mart's closest henchman, Jadie Cox.

"Can't you dig up a cousin of your own?" Jadie demanded bluntly, in immediate confab with Mart. "It's a shame to let Ginna walk off with everything." Of course Mart knew Jadie meant the popularity vote.

"I have a cousin—" Mart answered. "Out West—he jumped his horse through a freight car—"

"He *did*?" Jadie cried, round-eyed. Jadie had had her period of adoring Tom Mix. "He *did*, really? What was he—a movie actor?"

Every mortal is born to low moments and this was a very low one for Mart. Maybe that cousin *was* a movie actor—almost everyone in the West was. Mother hadn't explained. Anyway, it was necessary to hold Jadie to her.

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Phyllis Duganne lives at Truro all the year round. "You can never be happy in the city once you have learned to make a garden," she says

Phyllis Duganne

A successful author who sold her first serial at eighteen and who has been writing stories ever since, tells how she does it

By MARGARET NORRIS

No girl ever got A in English thesis or wrote for her high school paper, who did not picture herself, in some radiant moment, in the guise of a famous author, sending out stories to editors, getting in return fat checks! What a delightful profession! To live by the fruit of your pen, your name in magazines and on best sellers, strangers pointing you out!

"You see that attractive girl over there? She's So and So, the well known writer."

How can one manage a career like this? How does one learn to write? Is it skill or luck that sells a story? Wherein lies the elusive art?

Let's ask Phyllis Duganne about it. She must be past master of the art, for most good magazines on the stands carry stories under her name. And since you know her stories, you'll be interested to know more of herself.

So I wrote a note to this young lady and asked her to have tea with me the next time she passed through New York. And she very graciously did.

Phyllis Duganne doesn't look like a famous writer. She looks like a little girl—a rather charming child who is old and wise for her years but nevertheless, a little girl. So when she told me she had a daughter, Jane, nine years old and almost as tall as her mother, I found it hard to believe.

"Does Jane really take you seriously and treat you like a grown-up Mother?" I asked.

"No, that's the delightful part," she replied. "Jane doesn't take me seriously at all. She has a great sense of humor and loves to poke fun at me. Of course she does it in the most adorable way, but she prefers to call me Phyllis and to treat me like a sister who still has much to learn. It's my own mother, Jane's grandmother, who fills the parental rôle with my child. But I was barely twenty when Jane was born. This explains her attitude. Now you know my age; I'm twenty-nine."

I would have guessed nineteen—certainly not more than twenty-one, she is so small and blonde and slender. She is one of those enviable persons who need never count the calories, except to be sure there are enough. Hot chocolate, desserts, buttered toast, mayonnaise—all such delicious things which for most of us sing the swan song of the Paris silhouette, need hold no terrors for Phyllis Duganne. She was built to be light as a feather. But let me tell you a secret. As we sat having tea uptown, I consumed hot chocolate and sandwiches while she daintily sipped iced tea!

Now for the rest of the picture. She has a delicate slender face, soft Titian colored hair, gray eyes, pale cheeks and red lips, with small, white, even teeth. The ensemble is very attractive. She wears little girl clothes (size fourteen is large) and moves with quick birdlike motions. As we walked along Fifth Avenue, I found myself hurrying to keep up with her, although my legs are much longer than hers. I clumped along with my heavy athletic strides while

PHYLLIS DUGANNE needs no introduction to readers of *THE AMERICAN GIRL*. You have read her stories about "the gang," that delightful bunch of youngsters who swim and play tennis all summer, have houseparty reunions at Christmas and are so wholesome, gay and attractive that you clamor to read more about them.

Perhaps you have read stories under her name in other magazines—smart, sophisticated stories for grown-ups, told in the same light vein. Even when the heroine is sad at the beginning she's always happy at the end. Prince Charming appears at the darkest moment to chase the clouds away.

That's Phyllis Duganne, always gay and cheerful, an easy, smooth-running plot, prettily chosen phrases. The heroine blushes and looks adorable, the hero capitulates, and you are perfectly sure they will live happily ever after.

Therefore you like the story. And, if you have literary ambitions—as who of us has not?—you say, "Why can't I write a story like that?"

It seems so extremely simple. Take any girl like yourself, or like one of your friends, and a man who appears at the psychological moment. Toss these ingredients together under any given circumstances—moonlight, a storm, or a motor crash—spice it with a little sugar, a dash of pepper and salt and send the finished product to an editor.

But suppose you do this—what happens?

In nine cases out of ten, back it comes like a boomerang with a rejection slip instead of the check which, mentally, you have already spent. All of which is woefully discouraging. You begin to ask yourself:

"Can it be that the art of story telling is not as easy as it sounds? Are there some tricks to the trade not visible on the surface? Where is the fly in the amber of my plot? Wherein do my hero and heroine differ from Phyllis Duganne's to make the editor frown upon them?"

The desire to write books and stories is a universal one.

she darted ahead like a squirrel. Yet for all her little girl appearance, she has a pleasantly sophisticated manner, like the heroines she writes about.

Over the teacups she grew confidential and told me about herself. Hers is not the story of the starving young writer who waits years for recognition. She started writing at the age of seven and before she was twice that old she had acquired a professional style. She has supported herself by her stories ever since she was seventeen. At seventeen she sold a story to the *Saturday Evening Post* and at eighteen she sold a three-part serial to the *Ladies' Home Journal*. It was entitled *Crabbed Youth* and it brought her a thousand dollars.

"At that time," she said, "I was living in New York, supporting both Mother and myself in a tiny Greenwich Village apartment with rent of thirty-five dollars a month. I had a job on a Methodist journal with a salary of thirty dollars a week. I worked all day and wrote by night. Pickings were rather slim until this unexpected piece of luck. I changed that thousand dollar check into ten one hundred dollar bills and laid them out in a row on the floor. I said:

"Mother, count them, ten! Can it be true?"

"We laughed and cried together over this good fortune.

"I have always written easily and with what I am told

is amazing speed. Some of the first stories I sold were written in one sitting. In those early days I didn't give much thought to the difficult thing called technique. What I had came naturally to me. The editors all insisted that the thing that put my stories across was a certain gay, kiddish quality which the public likes. After I was twenty-one I suddenly had to stop and learn just how a story is built, architecturally speaking. This slowed up my production.

"Until I was twenty-one I wrote from twenty to thirty stories a year, but of course I didn't sell them all. Now I write about fifteen stories a year and spend about a week on each one. You see, I have grown lazy. I don't work as hard as I should. I write a few hours in the morning and then my garden beckons me, or I want to take a swim with Jane, or paint the floor, or something funny like that.

"However, I can speed up when necessary. About three years ago I decided I wanted to go abroad but I didn't have any money. So I wrote a five-part serial in exactly three weeks. What is more, I was ill and I wrote it in bed."

Phyllis Duganne, her mother and Jane, a very congenial, happy trio, live in an old New England house in the village of Truro, Massachusetts, on the very tip end of Cape Cod, next door to Provincetown. In the orchard is a miniature replica of their house, size eight feet by ten, fitted up as Jane's playhouse and workshop, where she has wonderful adventures, largely of the imagination. Jane prefers travel books to fairy tales, and pirates and aviators to dolls. Right now she's engaged in writing plays—but she isn't sure she'll be a writer. She may go on the stage. Her mother says she may do as she likes. Jane's a lucky little girl.

Once they spent only summers here and winters in New York but now they live on Cape Cod the year round. I had caught

Miss Duganne on the wing in New York on her way back to Truro. It was April and warm and she sighed longingly as she sipped her iced tea.

"You can never be happy in the city once you've learned to make a garden," she said. "I'm just itching to plant my peas and beans. I raise the most wonderful vegetables. Oh, yes, flowers, too. My mother makes jellies, preserves and hooked rugs. She's that kind of mother."

"Why not start your story at the beginning?" I urged.

"Well, I was born in Salem, Massachusetts, in nineteen hundred. We are New Englanders for many generations. My father was a Cape Codder from Brewster, and a friend of Edward Everett Hale. It was Mr. Hale who married my mother and father. My father died just before I was born. At the time of his death he was planning to establish a boys' settlement in Brewster under Edward Everett Hale's direction. My mother has a trace of Indian blood in her veins, to make the Puritan stock more interesting. One of our proudest family traditions is that a maternal ancestor was a beautiful Indian princess.

"Inez Haynes Irwin, the wife of Will Irwin, is my mother's sister, and both my aunt and uncle are, as you know, successful writers. All this helped mold my ambi-

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She doesn't look like a famous writer—she is more like a charming child, wise for her years

Jo Ann

By



That evening Edgar Benwood brought in the lovely Christmas tree from the garage

THAT very morning, in the room she shared with Wicky Wickham at Wilmot School, Jo Ann had talked about Santa Claus. Jo Ann said she wished she could be a forester when she grew up. She would like to range the woods, fell great trees, plant great forests.

"Why don't you be one then?" Wicky asked her tomboy chum.

"I can't, that's why," Jo Ann said. "They don't let women have any decent jobs—foresters or things like that. It makes me sick!"

"They let women do anything that men do, almost," Wicky said.

"They certainly don't!" Jo Ann cried. "We can't be sailors, or pirates, or locomotive engineers. We can't even be Santa Claus. They always have to pick men to be anything that is any fun."

Jo Ann was quite fierce about it. She thought it was a huge injustice. She had battled Tommy Bassick all her life, and she could throw him in a fair wrestle, and outrun him, and bat a ball better than he could, and yet when Tommy grew up he would be allowed to do things forbidden to Jo Ann. It made Jo Ann wild.

"You wait!" she said threateningly. "I'll show them!"

So, when Jo Ann found the letter from Nell Benwood in her box, she had the great idea.

"Oh, how dear!" she exclaimed first, when she read Nell's letter. "Wicky! Nell Benwood has invited you and me to spend Christmas with her in her ducky new house! Listen to this—'Come the day before Christmas. There are eight or ten children in the neighborhood and I'm going to have a Christmas tree for them, with a Santa Claus and everything, and I know you and Wicky will love it.' Isn't that suave? We'll go, of course."

"Won't your family care?" Wicky asked, for she had promised to spend Christmas at Jo Ann's.

"No, I don't think so. We can go up to Nell's the day before Christmas, and—"

Jo Ann stopped short and a gleam came into her eyes. "Wicky!" she exclaimed. "I'm going to be Santa Claus!"

It's time we women showed the men we're just as good as they are. I'm going to telegraph Nell this minute!"

She did, too, but when she received Nell Benwood's reply an

hour or two later Jo Ann was furious.

"Sorry," the telegram read, "but I have asked Tommy to be Santa Claus."

"I told you!" Jo Ann declared. "Didn't I say so? 'No Women Need Apply!' Well, just the same—"

"Just the same what, Jo Ann?"

"Just the same, I'm going to be Santa Claus! I've had just about all of that Tommy Bassick I can stand and more. Nell will tell him I asked to be Santa Claus and he'll be crowing all over the place. I know what I'll do—he'll pick something off the Christmas tree and give it to me, and it will be some crazy thing that will make everybody laugh at me. A lemon, probably. Or a pair of pants with 'For tomboy' pinned on them. Well, he won't. And he won't be Santa Claus—I'll be! I'll settle him, the smarty!"

"How, Jo Ann? I don't see how you can. It's Nell's house, and her party, and I don't see what you can do if she wants her own brother to be Santa Claus."

"I don't know what yet myself," Jo Ann said, "but I will know. That red-head is getting just too swelled up."

Tommy Bassick had, as a matter of fact, come off rather better in the last few battles of the great Bassick-Jo Ann war, and this was extremely annoying to Jo Ann. For the next few days she went about with her brow in creases, and now and then she pounded on her forehead with her knuckles, trying to jolt some sort of idea loose. But presently she began to smile—one might almost say grin. She had had a thought. She saw a way to put Tommy Bassick to rout and be Santa Claus herself.

In her plans she was handicapped by not knowing the exact layout of Nell Benwood's house. Her scheme, in its essential feature, was to lock Tommy Bassick in the room where he went to dress as Santa Claus. He would go to that room only a short while before he had to come down the stairs dressed as Santa Claus, and if Jo Ann could be already dressed as a Santa Claus, and could lock him in his room, there would be no time for much. The children would be waiting. With a Santa Claus mask hiding her face no one would know her from Tommy. It would all be over before Tommy could get out of his room.

Nell Bassick had been married in June to Lieutenant Benwood of the Navy, and her new home was in a seaport town, and Jo Ann had not yet seen Nell's house. But Jo Ann's mother had visited Nell, and Jo Ann was sure that when she and Wicky went home for the Christmas holidays her mother could tell her the arrangement of the rooms.

So Jo Ann did a strange thing. No one but Jo Ann would have done it; anyone else planning to lock a rival in his room would have kept the plan a deep secret, but Jo Ann began her campaign by doing as many generals did in the olden days. She issued a sort of proclamation. She telegraphed these words to Nell Benwood: "I am sorry for

and Santa Claus

Illustrations by
Garrett Price

ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

Tommy; I am going to be your Santa Claus." She giggled as she wrote that, and she felt a sense of real triumph.

When she had sent this telegram, Jo Ann began cutting and sewing bright red outing flannel, stitching white cotton wool on it for fur, for Santa Claus must have his red coat and breeches and cap.

"It seems to me you are taking forever and a day to make that Santa suit, Jo Ann," Wicky complained, for ice hockey was the game at Wilmot School just then and Jo Ann was cutting most of the games and was sadly missed.

"Woman's work, this sewing thing," Jo Ann said, grinning. "Maybe that's why I'm slow; maybe it isn't. But don't you worry, Wicky. All will be ready for the merry Christmas season."

The Christmas vacation at Wilmot School began the fourteenth of December, but Jo Ann and Wicky were not to go to Nell Benwood's until the twenty-fourth, so they went to Jo Ann's for ten days. Almost the first question Jo Ann asked when she saw her mother was what Nell's house was like.

"A dear little house," Jo Ann's mother said.

"It would be," Jo Ann said. "Nell would have a nice house. What is it like inside? How is it arranged—the rooms, I mean."

Jo Ann's mother began to describe the house.

"It is a charming little street, all new houses and all alike except for the exteriors. The houses stand on a terrace. When you enter—"

But Jo Ann ran for a pencil and paper.

"Show me, Mother," she said. "Where is the living-room, and the dining-room? What's this—oh a door! And upstairs?"

It was a smallish house and Jo Ann soon had its exact layout. She kept the paper on which her mother had drawn the crude plan, and she studied it carefully. Nell's father



"If you do turn out to be Santa Claus, Jo Ann," Nell said, "remember every present will carry a name"

and mother were to drive up the day before Christmas, and they offered to take Jo Ann and Wicky but said it might be a little crowded in the car because Tommy was taking his chum Ted Spence with him. Jo Ann politely declined the ride.

"Not with Tommy—no, thanks!" she said. "We'll go by train. Automobiles *do* break down. *This* Santa Claus is going to be there."

"But, Jo Ann," Wicky said. "It'll spoil everything, Ted Spence's going, won't it? We can't handle two of them, can we?"

"The more the merrier," Jo Ann laughed. "You just wait, Wicky. This is going to be a scream."

From the crude plan of Nell's house Jo Ann decided what room she and Wicky would probably be given. Nell and her husband would, of course, keep their own room. Mr. and Mrs. Bassick would undoubtedly have the other front room upstairs. That left two other bedrooms, opposite each other, at the rear of the floor. Tommy and Ted would have one and Jo Ann and Wicky the other—it did not matter to Jo Ann which.

"Mother," Jo Ann asked, "did Nell say anything about Santa Claus?"

"Yes, she did, Jo Ann. I did think your telegram was rather rude, but Nell seemed to like it. She said something lively was to be expected when you were on hand."

"Did she say anything else, Mother?"

"Only that she told Tommy you were threatening his job as Santa Claus, and she guessed the Bassicks could have things their way if they stuck together."

"They're going to help Tommy, of course," Jo Ann said scornfully. "He wouldn't last a minute if the whole family didn't help him."

"I hope you won't do anything too strenuous, Jo Ann."

"Do I ever, Mother?" Jo Ann asked.

"Yes, you usually do, Jo Ann," her mother said. "Remember it is a rented house and don't do any more damage than you can help."

The run by train to Nell's town was only an hour or so, and it was not until they were on the train that



"Woman's work, this sewing thing. I'm never any good at woman's work"



Jo Ann explained to Wicky her complete plan of campaign. Wicky threw her arms around Jo Ann and hugged her.

"Jo Ann, you're a wonder!" she cried. "You are certainly the greatest that ever lived! Whoever would have thought of two Santa Clauses?"

"There'll be three, with Tommy," said Jo Ann modestly. "It was the only plan I could think of, to get the best of that red-headed nuisance. We have to use brains in this day and age, Wicky."

"And muscle," Wicky laughed. "And I ragged you about how long it was taking you to make a Santa suit, when you were making two of them! Have you got two Santa masks?"

"Two everything," Jo Ann said. "One for you and one for me. Now, you're sure you understand everything? Nothing happens until after dinner. Then Tommy and Ted will go upstairs to put Tommy in his Santa suit, and we hustle and get into our Santa suits, and you, Wicky—not I—go out of our room into the hall. So Tommy and Ted, because I warned Tommy I was going to be the Santa Claus, will be laying for me. With your Santa mask on they'll think you are me, and they'll rush you into their room. And then I'll come out of my room and while you are all three in Tommy's room, I'll lock you all in there—and down I go, the only Santa Claus at Nell's house. Is that suave, Wicky—I ask you!"

"And if I have to fight, I'll fight," said Wicky grimly. "With, of course," she added, "the proper Christmas spirit, and singing a carol for a battle song. Do you know a good scrappy carol, Jo Ann?"

"Most of the carols are peaceful," Jo Ann said, "but *Onward Christian Soldiers* might do."

There had been enough snowfall to make a white Christmas, and white flakes were floating down when the train stopped at the port town, and Lieutenant Benwood in his small automobile hailed the girls gaily.

"Hurrah! Here comes Santa Claus!" he laughed. "Welcome to our little city. Tommy's not here yet, but look out for him when he does get here. Me, too. Nell, too. Remember that the Bassicks hang together. 'All for one and one for all'—that's our motto, Jo Ann. Got Tommy's present with you?"

"Wicky!" Jo Ann exclaimed. "I forgot a present for Tommy!"

"A string of beads would be nice," said Lieutenant Benwood. "Or a lemon—sour lemons make nice presents. We can stop at a shop. A fruit store?"

"No, stop here," Jo Ann said, and the car stopped before a small department store. "I'm going to give Tommy Bassick the jolt of his young life, Wicky. He'll be surprised. I'll make him feel cheaper than a big glass of sour lemonade."

She made her purchases—she bought a present for Ted Spence, too—and Lieutenant Benwood grinned as the girls came out of the store. He knew they were up to some sort of jest, but Jo Ann only smiled.

The car, a few blocks farther on, turned off the main street into the residence district, and into a street with

neat small houses such as Jo Ann's mother had described. Into the narrow driveway of one of these the lieutenant turned his car and stopped it, and tooted his horn. Jo Ann saw the Bassicks's car ahead of them in the driveway, and in answer to the horn, Nell and Tommy and Ted and Mr. and Mrs. Bassick came out onto the porch. It was evident that the Bassicks had just arrived, for Mrs. Bassick still wore her hat. Mr. Bassick was laughing. Tommy ran down to open the car door and he reached for Jo Ann's suitcase.

"No, you don't!" she cried. "Hands off!"

"Santa Claus doesn't want to part from his clothes, Jo Ann—is that it?" Nell laughed. "You're right—never trust a Bassick. We're all Bassicks here, and the Bassicks stick together."

"Hang together Nell," the lieutenant laughed. "Get our war-cry right, honey. Hurry in, girls, it's chilly for Nell without her coat."

"It's a lovely house," Wicky said. "It's a darling street. I love your house."

"Yes, all these houses are nice," Nell said.

It was indeed a charming street—a row of quaint little houses all much alike, but when Jo Ann and Wicky went inside they did think Nell had not done much in the way of Christmas decoration. A few wreaths were in the windows and strings of green and red crêpe paper were stretched here and there. The dining-room was behind the living-room and opened into it as if it were all one room.

"Come right down, girls," Nell said, when she had shown them their room. "Edgar wants to take you all skating this afternoon, but you'll have to be back early, because we must trim the tree before dinner."

And when Jo Ann asked her she told them Tommy and Ted were having the room opposite.

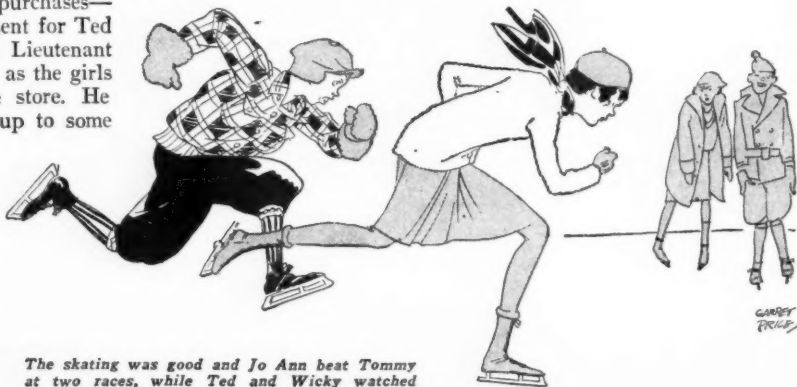
"Could it be better?" Jo Ann cried, hugging Wicky when they were alone. "Was anything ever more perfect. And did you notice that Tommy's key is on the outside of his door? I'll get it now," and she tiptoed into the hall and took Tommy's key from the lock. "When we come up after dinner, Wicky," she whispered, "and we are in our Santa suits, you'll step out to here. Then Tommy and Ted will grab you and hustle you into their room. And I'll lock you all in. It's perfect!"

"Somehow I don't like their all being so cheerful about it," Wicky said.

"Fudge!" Jo Ann exclaimed.

The skating was good and Jo Ann beat Tommy in two races, and at five they all returned to the house with cheeks glowing. Edgar was in gay spirits, singing navy songs, dancing a hornpipe and carrying on generally until Nell reminded him of the Christmas tree. Then he went out and

brought it in from the garage and stood it at the far end of the dining-room, and everybody set to work and trimmed it. When it was finished, it looked beautiful, in spite of the fact that it was a smaller
(Continued on page 38)



The skating was good and Jo Ann beat Tommy at two races, while Ted and Wicky watched



"There go Mollie Calhoun's girls—they're such devoted sisters." And Clara and I ready to pull each other's hair that very minute!

"I Am a Girl Who —

belongs to a family that will row at the drop of a hat over everything and nothing at all, from the wallpaper to Jim's new suit"

MY SISTER Clara is a year older than I am, but that is not the reason we don't get

along together. Although she is older than I am, I am as tall as she is, and we're both in the same room at school because she missed a year once on account of diphtheria. So we neither have to wear the other's old clothes or be an example for each other. We don't have any of the things to fight about that sisters usually do.

But do we have fights? Sometimes I think we don't have anything else. They are regular family rows.

It will start with an argument between Clara and me. Then Jim will take up for Clara. Jim is our brother. He's seventeen, and Clara is little and helpless-looking and Jim always sides with her. Then Grandmother says what she thinks—she always agrees with Clara, too. Then Uncle Hector thinks it's three to one against me, and he lectures Jim about bullying his sister, and Aunt Mary tells Uncle Hector that he's a fine one to give advice like that after what she's had to stand from him all these years, and then Mother tells us all that if we don't stop she'll go crazy.

And the first thing you know Uncle Hector has gone to stay at his club for a week, and Mother has gone to bed with smelling salts, and Grandmother and Clara go off for a good cry together, and Jim runs the car out and disappears in a cloud of dust with Aunt Mary sure he's going to be brought in dead in a minute. And I just slink off somewhere and wish I had never been born.

It isn't as if we ever fought about anything that is really important. I remember one evening last spring I said at the dinner table that I'd seen some new sweaters in Haley's window and that I thought I'd get a blue one. Clara said she'd seen the blue one, too, and that she wanted it.

"Well, I bid for that one first," I told her. "You get another color—a green or tan. I'm getting the blue."

Illustration by Helen E. Hokinson

"Of course you'd insist on the blue one if you knew I wanted it." She was mad by this time. "You know blue is

my color. You can wear anything." And in fifteen minutes the Battle of Antietam would have seemed like a tea party compared with our dinner table.

Then there was the time Jim wanted a tweed suit and Aunt Mary thought he ought to have a blue one. And when we had the dining room papered! Whew! Nobody spoke to anybody else for a month, and Aunt Mary resigned from her bridge club because she said she wouldn't entertain them in a room whose walls were covered with the atrocious paper Mother had selected.

And that's the way it goes. When seven people live in the same house and meet twice a day for meals, in order to find how many things they can find to quarrel about, you can multiply the number of people by the number of meals and cube that and multiply the whole thing by 3.1416 and they will still be a few thousand quarrels ahead of you.

Of course, the trouble is that there are too many of us all living together. After Father died, Mother was sick and she came home to Grandmother and then when she got well we all stayed on. There was this big old house that had been in the family for generations, and there was plenty of room for us. And Father had left hardly any money. So Uncle Hector just took it on himself to be the head of the family—and goodness knows what we'd do without him! And Aunt Mary never got married. So here we are—all together in the old southern homestead.

I didn't mind it so much until lately. I just took it for granted that all families fussed with each other. Grandmother would say, "It's because we all love each other so much that we take all those little things so to heart."

And of course we didn't quarrel in public. I can't

(Continued on page 63)

Illustrations by

Robb Beebe

Gay's

"OH GAY, do hurry. Won't you?" Elizabeth Gaylord waved her music roll and hastened up the apartment stairs. Of course she was late for the club meeting of the Jolly Four, but that did not account for the note of excitement in Joyce Grahme's voice, nor the air of eager expectancy in all three faces peeping over the banisters.

"Honey, we've nevah been so thrilled in our lives," exclaimed Maryland Meredith in her soft southern drawl as she led the way into the living room, looking around languidly.

"Yes, we're bursting with curiosity. Hap is here now waiting to hear all about it," broke in Gladys Hazard eagerly. "To tell the truth I didn't believe him when he dashed in to tell me what had happened."

"Isn't that just like a sister?" Chapman Hazard, who was "Hap" Hazard to his friends and haphazard by nature, assumed an injured expression. "Say Gay, have a heart and spill the beans. Gee, weren't you in luck to be right on the spot? I bet the shivers ran up and down your spine. Did you actually see them? How—?"

"Did I see whom?" inquired Gay curiously, at last managing to get a word in edgewise. "What are you all so excited about?"

"Why, the bank robbery, to be sure. Oh, go ahead, and don't keep us in suspense any longer," Hap responded, looking at her reproachfully.

"But what bank robbery?"

For an incredulous moment four pairs of eyes stared at her in startled amazement, then Hap gave an impatient, disgusted groan.

"Elizabeth Gaylord, haven't you been giving music lessons at the Berkeley Apartments?" he demanded. "Well, the robbery was right next door at the Steel Trust Company. Two men held up the bank. The taller one had a finger missing on his left hand—that's the only clue. They made a huge haul, then escaped in a car, and the state troopers are out patrolling the roads for miles. I don't see how you missed the hullabaloo. Of course, we counted on you to know all about it, but that only goes to prove what I have always said—that you can never depend upon a girl for anything. Now if a boy had been there, if he had been anywhere near the robbery—"

"He wouldn't have known any more about it than I do—if he had been teaching music in a back apartment," retorted Gay spiritedly. "But to think I missed the biggest excitement this town has ever had! It just makes me sick."

"Well, tonsilitis and a sprained wrist are enough to



"Say, Gay, we're going to trap the bandits—"

make an angel pessimistic and gloomy—"

"Yes, and who could feel *gay* after celebrating the week before Christmas with an ulcerated tooth?"

"Honey, I'm going to send you one of those 'Good Luck for the New Year' cards, with a gilt horseshoe painted on it. You sure need it. But cheer up! The old yeah will soon be ovah, and we know one piece of good luck that we four are going to share in nineteen thirty, don't we? No, Hap, I'm *not* referring to the Christmas holidays."

Gay tried to speak. Here was her chance to tell the girls what they would have to know sooner or later, but before she could utter a word, Hap had jumped to his feet.

"Speaking of the Christmas holidays—how do you suppose my crowd are

going to spend the two weeks?" he demanded, flatteringly aware that they all were hanging upon his words. "Gee, I'm certainly glad vacation comes just now; for a whopping big reward is going to be offered for the capture of the bandits, and we're all going thief hunting."

"How *spiffy*. Why can't we make up a possum—isn't that what it's called—and go too?" broke in Gladys enthusiastically.

"If that isn't just like a girl. I suppose you mean a *posse*," Hap's voice was lofty with scorn. "No doubt you'd

like to put up sandwiches and devilled eggs and make a picnic of it. Well, I'll have you know that this means danger, and a fine help girls would be in a tight place—they'd have hysterics. No, as I have always said, you can never depend upon a girl, and a job like this requires someone reliable. Someone with iron nerves and a *will*—"

Lucky Masquerade

By EDNA
CLARK DAVIS

"Huh! Hope you're not thinking of yourself, Hap Hazard. Why your very nickname proves you're no more to be depended upon than a will o' the wisp," jeered Gladys as she followed her brother to the door to have the last word. "Hap should have been a Turk," she sniffed as she resumed her seat. "He loves to tell me woman's place is in the home, and it makes me *boiling* mad. Why, he's furious because I'm going to camp this summer, and simply glared when I asked for camp equipment this Christmas. Say, Joy, have the pictures come yet? Let's have a look—"

Joy tantalizingly waved a long folder, and two pairs of hands reached for it eagerly.

"Oh oh, what ducky log cabins and look—real brooks!"

"Just see the peachy lake." They all talked at once.

"And did you know that there were bridle trails?"

Three voices exclaiming in a laughing babble of enthusiasm. Only Gay was silent.

"Oh, girls, isn't it gorgeous to think we four are actually going to camp togethah? It seems almost too good to be true." Merry gave an ecstatic sigh. "Evah since Joy raved about the good times she had there last yeah, I've been pining to go. But what a struggle it's been to convince my fond and loving parents that I preferred it to a summer at the shore."

"Well, if it hadn't been for Mr. and Mrs. Grahme, my dad would *never* have consented. Hap had almost persuaded him my place was at home—tattooing washcloths I suppose."

Gay could not help laughing at Glad's tragic tone, but her eyes were wistful. How lovely it must be to have parents. These lucky girls who took the summer outing as a matter of course. How could they guess what it meant to worry over every penny as she always had to do?

It was Joy who had first suggested that the Jolly Four plan for a summer at camp together. The idea had been seized upon with enthusiasm, but of course they had all known that it would depend upon Gay. And with Gay, who had lived with her Great-aunt Jane ever since she could remember, it was entirely a matter of expense.

It was not that Aunt Jane didn't wish to be generous, but she simply could not afford it. So Gay knew that if she wanted to go with the others, she would have to earn the money herself.

How she longed to go. No one dreamed how much it meant to her, but they all admired the pluck with which she solved the problem—by giving music lessons in every moment spared from school work, and practicing rigid self-denial. Everyone of the girls took an interest in seeing that camp fund grow. They held a regular jubilee the day she announced that one-half of the necessary amount had been saved.

Of course, she had never counted upon extra expenses, such as tonsillitis, a sprained wrist and an ulcerated tooth. Yet they proved to be her Waterloo.

It seemed to Gay that the hardest thing she ever did was to break into the jolly chatter with the news that the doctor's and dentist's bills had eaten up even more than the fund, and that they would have to go to camp without her.

They listened in a stunned silence, and their very thoughtfulness was the hardest of all to bear. The way they hustled pictures and folders out of sight, and changed the conversation to include her. Yet in spite of all their efforts, it was a dismal little group that finally disbanded; and as Gay hurried home, the lighted windows with their

glimpses of holly wreaths and glittering tinsel-bedecked trees seemed to mock her with their air of festivity. For never had she been in less of a holiday mood.

For the next few days no one talked of anything but the bank robbery, and Gay was almost glad to have something take her mind from her own woes. Gentle Aunt Jane devoured the newspapers avidly, and took Chief, the big police dog with her, every time she went out of the house. She even viewed with suspicion every strange man on the streets, and pulled the shades down evenings as soon as it was dusk.

As for Hap—according to Gladys—Hap was in his element. But Gay discovered to her keen amusement, that he had many rivals. Apparently every male in town, from the butcher boy to the iceman, fancied himself in the rôle of detective and was out to win the reward. Well, it would probably be someone like Hap, born with a golden spoon in his mouth,



"Hap!" she shrieked, as the headlights glistened on a holly-wreath crown

who would be lucky enough to win it. Gay sighed as she thought of all the things that could be done with a sum like that, and tried not to feel covetous.

Of course there were theories galore. The bandits had been seen here, they had been identified there; they were hidden away in the New York East Side, they had escaped to Canada. Hap had nearly created a riot in the library by making a flying tackle at a man who was hastening through the corridor. He turned out to be the new Baptist minister who had lost a finger in the war; and the town rocked with laughter.

It was the next morning that the green envelope arrived in the mail. Gay appeared before Aunt Jane flourishing it wildly.

"Land sakes," exclaimed Aunt Jane, "is it some special kind of Christmas card?"

"It's something even better—an invitation. Hazel Harris is giving a party on New Year's Eve at an empty farm her father owns about a mile from the Crossways. That is so she can trim the place with holly and Christmas trees without tearing their own home to pieces," she added in response to her aunt's astonished expression. "It's to be a costume affair. Won't it be fun?"

"But you haven't a masquerade dress. What will you wear?" inquired Aunt Jane practically.

"Goodness knows. I'll put on my thinking cap and plan how to concoct something out of nothing," responded Gay as the telephone rang.

Gladys was on the wire, exclaiming, "Have you received Hazel's invitation?" and "Isn't it a shame?" all in one breath.

"A shame? Why I think it's lovely," returned Gay who felt the need of a little fun.

"Oh, you don't understand." Glad's voice was a wail. "Ages ago, Mother, Dad and I accepted an invitation to Atlantic City, and we leave tomorrow. I'm simply tearing my hair at missing the party. Say, Gay, can't you use my Christmas Sprite costume? I'll send it down by Hap. He's going to visit friends while we're away, as we're closing the house for the holidays."

So that problem solved itself, and Gay did her best to make Aunt Jane's Christmas as merry as possible. But when day followed day and no costume appeared, she became decidedly worried. She knew of old the ways of Hap Hazard who always lived up to his nickname. Probably the excitement of bandit hunting had driven all other thoughts from his mind.

"I declare it's too bad," sympathized Aunt Jane on Friday afternoon.

"Now it's too late to make a costume."

"Yes, I'll have to 'phone Hazel and tell her I can't come. Oh, why didn't I find out where Hap was staying? Then I could have called him up," Gay responded as she hurried to answer the

door bell's insistent clamor. Then she stood stock still—It was Hap, a smiling cherubic Hap, who beamed at her from the threshold.

"Where—?" began Gay wrathfully, but Hap got his question in first.

"Will you do me a favor?" he wheedled in his most persuasive manner.

"Hap Hazard, if that isn't exactly like you. To keep me all this time on tenter-hooks over that dress, and then demand a favor," exploded Gay.

"But I don't see why you're worried. It's been done up all week—"

"And so have I 'been done up all week' from anxiety. Hap, where is my costume?"

"Here." With the speed of a prestidigitator Hap produced a pasteboard box from behind his back. "And now about the favor. Will you please drive my Lizzie to the party? The roads are clear and you can make it in an hour. I wouldn't take it at all, but I promised Hazel to escort her cousin home. She said you were going to stay all night."

"Why I'd love to. But why aren't you using it yourself?"

"Because I'm going up to the Lodge at Lake Pohatcong as week-end guest of Bob and Bill Doremus. They only have a one-car garage, and I don't like to leave Lizzie out in the cold so long. You see," Hap's voice sank to a confidential murmur, "we have a theory that the bandits are hiding in one of the empty summer cottages up there, and we're going to keep a sharp lookout. Some blankets have disappeared from the bunks—"

"Probably taken by some mischievous boys."

Hap looked disappointed at the way his news was received. He would have preferred to have been praised for his bravery in running into danger, but Gay's voice was very casual as she led the way to the garage which had been empty since their flivver went to pieces. "By the way, Hap," she added, "have you remembered to take your own costume along? You always forget the important things."

"Surest thing you know," retorted Hap with an injured expression.

"Why does everyone think I'd forget my head if it weren't on my shoulders? Say, Gay, do you know how to get to the farm? Just follow the turnpike and turn right at the Crossways."

"You mean turn left," interrupted Gay. "If you swung to the right it would lead you to the old Morrison house. I used to go there when I was a child, but it's been empty for years."

"Well, that's the place. It must be, for I asked Hazel the directions over the 'phone, and I

(Continued on page 41)



"Look at this!" she exclaimed to Chief, who wagged a sympathetic tail



As a variation for this attractive dessert you can use candied fruits or minced nuts instead of chocolate candy

Whipped cream and chocolate creams added to meringues in a sherbet glass make this delicious dessert

Your Holiday Sweets

A NEW Christmas deserves new dainties, so this year I am going to introduce tempting confections for you, for your family, and for everybody else who has an extra fancy sweet tooth around Christmas time. And best of all, you'll want to use them all the year round. They're fun to make—and—oh, to taste!

First of all, I want to tell you what led me to use this as my Christmas subject. Picture a long train of cars filled with tourists standing before a combined station and restaurant. In front, behind, above, below, to right, to left are the peaks of snow clad mountains. Just off to the right foreground towers the Jungfrau. Now where are we? In Switzerland? Right. And many of the tourists are just back from a hot, hard climb up to the edge of the glacier that creeps down from the Jungfrau's top, and a swift run down to make the waiting train. Suddenly, just as the train is to start off down the mountain, the waiters appear from the restaurants, bearing trays loaded with the most heavenly, cool, white cakes which melt like ice beneath a June sunshine. They are meringues filled with whipped

By WINIFRED MOSES

cream and taste more delicious and refreshing even than they look.

Now come with me to a hotel dining room filled with guests. Everything is quiet. People wait for their dessert. The door opens and waitresses appear, each bearing aloft a beautiful white Swiss châlet. All the guests forget their dignity. They are like children with their first all day suckers, for the little châteaux are made of meringue, and filled with the most delicious tutti frutti mousse you ever tasted.

Now you must have guessed it. I'm going to tell you how to make meringues. Of course you all know the kind of meringue that goes on lemon meringue pie, but these meringues are a little different and can be used in many ways.

First and foremost, I must tell you that meringue is the name given to whites of eggs whipped to a standing froth and flavored with sugar. It may be served cooked or uncooked. It may be cooked by poaching in boiling water or baked in the oven. The texture varies according to the amount of sugar added to the eggs and the time of baking. For the coarse texture required in meringues used in gar-

nishing pies or puddings, one or two tablespoons of sugar are allowed to each egg white. For the fine, smooth texture needed for meringue glacés and for kisses, much more sugar is added.

The term "meringue" includes the meringue that is used on certain pies and puddings, the meringues that are used as shells in meringue glacés, the little cakes known as macaroons, and those other little confections that are called kisses. Even twice cooked, icing and divinity fudge may be included in the list and considered as meringues.

I am telling you about meringues for two reasons. One is that they are very simple and easy to make. All that is required is a knowledge of one or two underlying principles of egg and sugar cookery. The other is that they are very attractive, and with a little imagination can be made up in an endless variety of ways.

Meringue for Pies

1-3 egg whites
2 tablespoons sugar to each egg white
flavoring

Beat the egg whites until very stiff, so stiff that even if the bowl is turned upside down, the mixture will not fall out. Beat in the sugar gradually, remembering that the more sugar added, the finer the texture of the meringue. Spread smoothly on pie or pudding, decorate by drawing the tines of a fork over the top. Put in a slow oven, that is, one registering three hundred to three hundred and fifty degrees Fahrenheit, and let it bake for twelve or fifteen minutes or until the meringue is set and a luscious golden brown in color. If cooked at a higher temperature, the meringue will shrink too much and become very tough. The meringue may be put on in spoonfuls to form islands, or blobs, and pulled up with the spoon to make little peaks and towers. But whether put on smoothly or roughly, the meringue must touch the paste at the edge of the pie, for egg white in cooking shrinks and unless put on in this way will leave a space between the rim of the pie and the meringue.

A few general rules and facts about the making of meringues should be observed. Here they are:

1. Egg whites for making meringues should be very cold. If they are not you will find they will not whip up well.

2. Eggs for meringues must be neither too fresh nor stale.

3. The whites should be beaten until very light and very stiff.

4. Meringues should not be allowed to stand after being beaten or the liquid will settle out and some of the air that helps to give the light and fluffy texture will escape.

5. Powdered sugar, fine granulated sugar, brown sugar or sugar syrup may be used for sweetening meringues.

6. a. For pies and pudding meringue, one to three tablespoons

of sugar may be allowed for each egg white that you use.
b. For kisses and meringue shells, from four to five tablespoons may be used to each egg white.

7. a. Pie and pudding meringues are baked at 300 to 350 degrees Fahrenheit for from ten to fifteen minutes.

b. Meringues for kisses and meringue glacés are cooked at two hundred and fifty to three hundred degrees Fahrenheit

for from forty to sixty minutes to obtain the best results.

8. a. Sugar is added after the egg white is beaten.

b. The sugar may be added to the egg whites before beating. A meringue made in this way holds for a longer time than when the sugar is added after it is beaten.

c. The sugar should be sifted before adding to the egg white. It gives a smoother texture.

9. In baking meringues for glacés and kisses, a piece of paper is spread on a wet board. A baking sheet covered with waxed paper may be used if a board to fit the oven is not available. The meringue is put on this in blobs about an inch apart to allow for expanding. Either a spoon or a pastry bag may be used to shape the meringues.

Meringue Glacé

2 egg whites
few grains salt

10 tablespoons sugar
½ teaspoon extract, any
flavoring

Set the oven at two hundred and fifty degrees. Arrange the board by wiping it with the cold water and covering it with a piece of paper or put a piece of waxed paper on a baking sheet. Roll out or sift the sugar. Add the salt to the egg white and add three or four tablespoons of sugar and beat until stiff. Fold in the rest of the sugar. For meringues, put on the board in shaped mounds, about two inches in diameter, for kisses about one inch in diameter. Set in the oven, then let cook about sixty minutes for meringues and forty minutes for the kisses.

Remove from the oven and take from the board or paper. Carefully indent or hollow out the centers of the meringues, and keep in a dry place until ready to serve. These little shells may be filled with flavored whipped cream, with ice cream or one-half with ice cream and the other with whipped cream. Two halves are put together and served on a plate as a dessert. In the illustration, two of the meringues were put in a sherbet glass and the center filled with whipped cream into which sliced chocolate creams had been folded, and the top decorated with a chocolate candy. Sliced candied fruit or minced nuts may be used instead of the candy.

Another variation I would like to have you try is to fill a meringue with jelly, minced fruit or berries and serve with a stirred custard, made from the yolks of the eggs left over from your meringues. In fact, when you make meringues,

plan to use the yolks in a baked or stirred custard, in a Spanish cream or in a parfait (this, by the way, is very easy to do if you have an electric refrigerator) and the parfait may be used as a filling for the meringues. The egg yolks also may be used to enrich cream soups or sauces, or dropped in hot water until cooked through, or rolled in egg white, crumbed and fried in deep fat like a little croquette

and served with a vegetable dinner. There are other uses for egg yolks which you will no doubt discover for yourselves.

Kisses

For kisses, two little pieces are put together with a little egg white and served as a confection or with a fruit dessert.

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Nut Sea Foam Kisses

2 cups sugar
½ cup water
½ cup corn syrup

whites of 2 eggs
1 cup nutmeats
candied orange peel

Put the sugar, water and corn syrup in a saucepan. Stir together until dissolved. Cover and cook for five minutes. Uncover and cook without stirring until it reaches the soft ball stage when dropped in ice water, or to 238 degrees Fahrenheit. Beat the whites until stiff. Pour the syrup in a thin stream over the egg whites, beating constantly. Fold in nutmeats or minced candied peel and drop in little blobs on waxed paper.



Good Looks and Christmas

A HEART full of love and a pocket not so full of money make it a little difficult around Christmas unless one's wits are nimble. Yet somehow one must achieve that perfect Christmas combination of outgoing cheer and incumbent cheerfulness. If you take Christmas hard, worry about how much you can spend on your gifts and eventually do spend more than you can afford, that's wrong. If you give at all you should try to give thoughtfully, practically and charmingly.

Maybe I'm prejudiced, but I think that little things to do with good looks are almost always a happy choice. A new line of toiletries is especially planned for young girls and called appropriately "Seventeen." There's toilet water, perfume, face powder, bath powder, brilliantine and an adorable compact in gun metal with a gayly colored insert on the top in modern flower design. An interesting thing about this compact is that you can use it for solid powder if you like or, if you prefer it, there's a sifter attachment for loose powder. The face powder and the bottles are packed in similarly flowered boxes, and the bath powder in a round tin box in the same design. Any one of the items would make a charming gift.

Another gift that almost always fits into a Christmas list is a box of twelve small cakes of soap in assorted colors. The odors in this particular assortment are charming and unusual—geranium, hyacinth, lilac, lime, pine and violet.

Cleansing tissues which almost every cold-creamer finds essential may be had now in pale pink, yellow or green, as well as white. If you like you can get tissue in roller form to hang in the bath room.

If you know a girl who has a hard time keeping her bob nice, you might give her one of those net caps to wear at night. They come in charming colors too—maize or brown, jade, Chinese red or flesh.

Little toilet accessories to carry in the pocketbook are often nice. In addition to the powder compact, which of course you know about, you can get a manicure kit about as big as your thumb, and for perfume lovers, a little bottle of scent in a leak-proof container.

A pocket comb is almost a necessity in these days of tight hats. If you buy one, make sure that it has a case to keep it clean and blunt teeth to protect the scalp.

The ten-cent-counters offer many things that can be uti-

By HAZEL RAWSON CADES

Good Looks Editor, Woman's Home Companion

Illustration by Katherine Shane



Little things to do with good looks are almost always a happy choice

lized in Christmas packages. Girls who go visiting would be charmed with a little rubber-lined bag filled with just such small items as you can find there—a small cake of good soap, a wash cloth, a tube of cold cream and another of tooth paste, a tooth brush, a small box of powder, a powder puff, a few cleansing tissues, an orange stick and a comb. You may choose from this list and limit your gift as you find expedient.

Another pleasant and thoughtful gift may be worked out with one of those paper-covered bureau drawer compartment boxes. A tube of cold cream, a small box of powder, a powder puff, a tube of hand cream, tiny safety pins, invisible hair pins, emergency sewing or darning kit and a tiny vial of perfume are suggestions. Be sure to leave one or two compartments empty for trinkets.

The small rounds of cotton that some people like to use for their powder may be easily and cheaply made from absorbent cotton. Ribbon bows attached to the top will serve as

convenient handles and dress up the gift. Pack them in a gay box. Or, if you like, and you know what kind of powder would be acceptable, you can dip the small individual cotton puffs in powder (enough for one powdering will adhere) and seal each puff in a tiny envelope. These are marvelous to carry in the pocketbook for they may be used once and thrown away.

It is important to remember in any gift as personal as toilet preparations, that most people have preferences not only in color, but also in texture and scent. To be on the safe side, unless you really know what people like, always choose the more general and conservative gift. If you're choosing between face powder and bath powder, for example, bath powder is safer because tint, which is so important in face powder, does not have to be considered here. If it's a question of toilet water versus perfume, remember that toilet water is less expensive, less concentrated and has more uses than perfume, because it can be used not only for odor but also for refreshment and for cleansing in the sponge bath.

Of course, the more individual the gift is, provided it does just fill a need or satisfy a longing, the more valued it will be. It often pays well to do a little preliminary snooping and discover, if you can, just the color, just the scent and even just the brand of toiletries that will make the perfect gift. For every girl appreciates distinctive presents.



Phyllis Baron

Illustrations
by
Ethel
Plummer

"WE'RE almost home," Beth Landis said, pressing her nose against the cold window pane and peering out into the gathering dusk. The train was slowing down and through the graying shadows she caught a glimpse of the Witches' House, a small, deserted building huddled by the side of the railroad track. Even now, at sixteen, she felt the same eerie thrill that the little frame building against its background of stunted trees and shrubbery always gave her ever since as a child of eight she and her older brother, Tom, had discovered it.

"It was awfully kind of you to ask me to come for the holidays," Phyllis Baron said for the fiftieth time since the day, now a week past, when Beth had found her crying because she was going to have to spend her Christmas holidays at the school instead of with her father as she had planned. Her mother was dead. Beth had promptly invited Phyllis to spend her vacation at the Landis house and had just as promptly wired home about the Christmas guest.

"We'll all love having you," Beth said cordially, as she climbed on the seat and began to yank their bags down from the rack above their heads.

Phyllis helped her and followed her down the swaying aisle to the train platform. The conductor helped them off and the train slipped away into the black night.

Beth looked up and down the deserted station platform in astonishment.

"No one to meet us!" she declared in a surprised voice. "I guess they didn't get my wire."

"There's a taxi over there," Phyllis said. "Shall I call the driver?"

"Yes," Beth said and Phyllis called to the muffled figure that sat huddled in the front of a lone cab.

The cab drew up with a flourish and the driver climbed down and helped the girls into the back seat and piled the bags in front. He tucked a robe around their feet and Beth snuggled down and pulled the collar of her raccoon coat higher around her ears. Phyllis did the same and they sat close together, for it was beginning to snow and the night air was cold after the heated train.

They drove in silence for a while, then Beth broke it. She pointed through the window at a little house they were passing.

"There's the Witches' House, Phyllis, that I've told so many stories about to the girls in school. Isn't it a scary looking place?"

Phyllis looked back at the little gray house crouching by the side of the road. She shivered at the sight.

Beginning a new two-part mystery story

By MABEL CLELAND

"It certainly is," she said, "and worthy of every description you've ever given of it. No wonder you used to think a witch lived there when you were little."

"We used to scare ourselves to death at night talking about it," Beth laughed. "Mother made us stop after Helen had a nightmare or two!"

"I always liked the story you told about the buried treasure—" Phyllis began, remembering an evening when Beth had held the school girls breathless while she had told a tale of buried treasure.

"My favorite was about the jewels. Remember that one?" Beth answered.

"Yes. Speaking of jewels, Beth, I brought my grandmother's necklace with me. I thought it would be safer with me, and besides I want to wear it while I'm visiting you."

"It certainly is a lovely thing," Beth said with a sigh because she didn't own it. "But how did you ever persuade Miss Howell to let you take it out of the school safe?"

"That was easy," Phyllis laughed. "After all it belongs to me, you know."

"I know, but it's so valuable," Beth said, "Miss Howell said it couldn't be duplicated in this country."

"She loves old things, that's why she's always raving about it, but the average person wouldn't know it was valuable," Phyllis answered deprecatingly.

"Well, do be careful of it," Beth begged.

"I promise, I'll keep it locked up in my trunk when I'm not wearing it. It has a good safety catch on it, even if it is old-fashioned."

But before Beth could say anything more the driver swung the taxi into the curved driveway of the Landis' grounds and drew up before the lighted doorway. He blew his horn sharply and the door opened hurriedly and through it poured a stream of people and a cat and a flock of kittens on unsteady legs.

"This is the family, Phyllis," Beth said, trying to embrace as many members of it as she could, and pat the heads of as many of the kittens as she could reach.

Everybody seemed to be talking at once while Mr. Landis paid the driver, and the boys carried the girls' baggage into the house.

"Why didn't you telegraph us?" Tom, the eldest boy, demanded. "We would have been there to meet you."

Phyllis standing alone for a minute had a chance to study the Landis family, as they gathered around Beth. She passed rapidly over Mr. and Mrs. Landis who were rather short and a little stout and very jolly looking, to Tom, the eldest son. He was tall for his age and dark,

with twinkling black eyes that seemed to see through things and people. Phyllis decided she liked him tremendously. Then there was Jim, Beth's twin, and so much like his fair-haired blue-eyed sister that Phyllis smiled inwardly. She had never, she thought, seen such alike twins. The youngest in the group was Helen, a lanky little girl of thirteen with flaming red hair and the bluest eyes and whitest skin she had ever seen. Helen was going to be a beauty when she grew up. As Phyllis stood a little apart from the others she was conscious of the decided contrast between her dark, gypsy-like coloring and the blonde, pink-and-white Landis girls.



Morton Harold

The Witches' House

She wished, as she often did, that she belonged to a large family. For after all, she had nobody but her father.

Helen, seeing that she was standing alone, drew her into the magic of the family circle. Everyone was charming to her and she decided that she loved the whole family down to the smallest kitten.

The next morning she ran down the stairs carrying in her hand the black velvet jewel case which held her grandmother's necklace. She slipped into place with a small apology for being a little late and placed the case next to her plate.

Beth saw it and laughed as she tossed a note across the table to her. "It looks as though you were going to have a chance to wear your grandmother's necklace tonight, if you want to," she said. "There's a dance at the country club, and of course we'll go; it ought to be fun."

A wail of disappointment went up from Helen.

"Oh, I promised to take Phyllis to the Witches' House tonight!" she said. "She was talking about it last night and was so thrilled to see it because Beth had told her a lot about it when they were in school! And now we can't go!" She appealed to her mother who shook her head.

"It always frightens you to go to the Witches' House," she told Helen, "so perhaps it's just as well."

"No," Helen retorted, "I'd planned it, Mother. I know I'm afraid of the place, but I've been saying over and over to myself ever since I told Phyllis I'd take her, 'I'm not afraid of the Witches' House! I'm not afraid!' and now, it won't do me any good because I won't be able to find out if it works—"

"What won't do you any good?" Mrs. Landis asked, a little mystified.

"Why the suggestions! Why, don't you see, Mother, I've been giving myself mental suggestions about this? And now I don't know if it would have worked—and I'll

probably be more afraid than ever. I just know I will."

"I think it's a shame to disappoint her," Phyllis said, smiling at the excited child. "I'd just as soon go to the Witches' House, Mrs. Landis, if you don't mind Helen's going, too. I'm sure the suggestion will work."

"I would like to have Helen get over her foolish fright of the place," Mrs. Landis answered. "But you don't have to wait until night, Helen," she went on, turning to her youngest daughter. "You can go about five o'clock. It will be dark then, and the girls will be able to get in the dance at the country club, too. Remember this is their vacation and we want them to have as nice a time as they can."

"Oh, Mother, I knew you'd find a way," Helen said gratefully and blew a kiss across the table to Phyllis.

"I've heard so much about your necklace, my dear," Mrs. Landis said, changing the subject. "Beth says it's exquisite. May I see it?"

"Of course I brought it down with me because Beth said last night you wanted to see it. My grandmother left it to me because I was named for her and she wanted me to have it."

She handed the black velvet case to the maid who carried it to her mistress.

Mrs. Landis snapped open the lid and gave a little gasp of pure delight. The old-fashioned necklace of exquisitely cut cameos lay on the white satin lining. The settings, for every cameo was set separately and joined by a chain of gold to one another to form a necklace, were of beautifully hand-carved gold, and tiny seed pearls formed frames for each one. It was exquisite.

"What a beautiful thing,"

Mrs. Landis said softly. "It couldn't be duplicated in this country at any price. Those cameos are perfect, my dear."

Phyllis nodded.

"Grandmother loved it," she said simply, "because Grandfather bought it for her when they were on their honeymoon in Venice."

The necklace was passed from hand to hand and duly admired, then Sarah, the maid, brought it back to Phyllis. The next minute it was forgotten by the Landis family as the younger members planned their trip to the Witches' House and what they would wear to the dance, and Mr. Landis buried himself behind his paper while Mrs. Landis read her mail.

The day passed so quickly that it was four-thirty before Phyllis realized it. Helen knocked on the door and came in dressed for the visit to the Witches' House. She looked at Phyllis and Beth who had been sitting before the open fire in Beth's room, and disappointment clouded her blue eyes, for neither girl seemed ready for the street.

"Aren't you going?" she demanded.

"Oh, Helen, it's so cold, let's go some other day," Beth said lazily, stirring the fire as she spoke as though she half hoped the warmth of it would make her little sister willing to stay before it and idle away the few hours before dinner time.

But Phyllis got to her feet.

"It won't take a second to dress, Helen," and she ran across the hall to her room and came back in a second or two dressed in her coat and hat.

"I've persuaded Tom to take us," Helen said importantly as they went downstairs. "We would have had to walk otherwise and it's rather a long way."

Helen wanted Phyllis to sit in the back of the small car but Tom said he wasn't going to play chauffeur and so they all climbed in front. They laughed and talked a lot as they snuggled together and Helen, who sat in the middle and was always getting her long legs tied up in the brake somehow, was supremely happy.

It was as dark as night when they got to the Witches' House. And Tom parked the car a little distance from it because the ground around it was soggy and he was afraid they might get stuck.

Helen, holding Phyllis' hand tightly in hers, led the way. The others could



Tom Landis



Helen Landis



Sarah, the maid

see her lips moving as she gave herself suggestions not to be afraid, and an understanding look passed between them.

It was spooky. The little house had been deserted for years and had a reputation for being haunted. And it did look like the witch's house in the fairy tale for it was small and had tiny windows and a funny peaked roof.

They were silent as they approached it, and suddenly Helen's grip on Phyllis' hand tightened and she said in a terrific voice, "Oh, what was that? I saw a light! I'm sure I did."

"I didn't," Tom said bluntly.

"Neither did I," Phyllis said. "Don't let your imagination run away with you, Helen. Remember the mental suggestion you've been giving yourself. I am not afraid of the Witches' House."

Helen loosened her grip and nodded, and when they reached the small porch she was the first to push open the door, which hung on broken and rusted hinges, and cross the threshold.

As she did so Phyllis laid her hand on Tom's arm and pressed it convulsively. Somewhere there was a sound, a queer, creeping sort of a sound, then silence, then the click of something like glass and silver, then the creeping sound again.

Helen turned terrified eyes to their faces and Tom, with a shrug of his heavy shoulders under his bearskin coat, strode into the room and flashed his pocket light around. The black shadows seemed to leap back from that exploring finger of light and Phyllis caught a fleeting glimpse of an old stone fireplace, broken window panes and in one corner of the room the bottom of a winding staircase that led to the deeper shadows above, fading into the dusk.

"There's nothing here," Tom said stoutly, but even as he spoke they heard the queer creeping sound again. It seemed to come from the next room and Phyllis put a protecting arm around Helen who was shivering with fright. They heard a door slam, and then silence again, and the feeling they had all had of someone being near was dispelled.

"I think someone was in the other room," Phyllis began, and Tom without another word threw open the door and strode into the adjoining room which Helen said, between chattering teeth, was the kitchen. He came back in a minute or two and the girls welcomed the comforting rays of the little flashlight.

"If there was anyone there he got away, or else it was the wind and a rat. I lean toward that—explanation—" Tom said. "Come on girls, do you

want to go upstairs?" He looked at them very bravely.

Phyllis turned towards Helen and tried to be casual. "If you want to go," she said, but Helen shook her red head.

"I want to go home now," she answered. "I've had enough. And oh, Phyllis, the suggestion didn't work at all!"

"Then we'd better make it work by going upstairs and not going off without proving to ourselves there's no one here," Phyllis said firmly. "Come on, Tom, don't you agree with me?"

"You bet I do," Tom said, catching a glimpse of his little sister's white face and realizing that Phyllis knew what she was about.

He led the way up the winding staircase and the girls followed closely; they found a shutter that had become loosened flapping in one of the rooms and Tom laughed as he refastened it.

"Ghosts and burglars always are shutters or mice and rats," he said gayly.

He was so funny about it, pretending that he had to struggle with the shutter and that it put up a hard fight, that Helen began to giggle, and when they decided to go home after exploring the little house from top to bottom she hugged Phyllis and said happily, "I've broken my fear of the place, Phyllis, I have. Why, I could come down here by myself now and not be afraid. How silly I was to be afraid of a shutter."

"Weren't you?" Phyllis said.

But later, when she and Tom had a few minutes alone before the fire, she said, looking at him with wide brown eyes, "Tom, there was somebody in the Witches' House tonight. I saw that light, too, but I didn't want to tell Helen that I did. And that noise we heard wasn't made by the shutter. It was someone walking around in stocking feet."



"He got away!" the officer called to them as he ran hurriedly down the stairs. "He got away! But he can't have gone

Tom looked down at her and nodded his conviction. "You're right," he said. "I know there was someone there, too. I found this on the floor," and he held a cheap collar button on the palm of his hand and bent over so she could the better see it.

"I've been in that house fifty times since I was a kid and I never saw a collar button there before. This kind would rust easily if it had been hidden in a crack all these years and had just turned out tonight. No, a man was in that house, and I know it and I guess we were darn lucky to get away as we did."

Helen came in and they dropped the subject.

Eight o'clock that evening Phyllis fastened her old-fashioned necklace around her throat and stood back to see the effect in the long glass that formed a panel of the closet door.

She did look well, she thought happily. Her evening frock was of green taffeta, and was cut shorter in the front than in the back. Her black curls framed her face becomingly and her green satin slippers, that matched her frock exactly, twinkled alluringly in the bright light. The old cameos were the only jewelry she wore and they gave an air of quaintness to her costume which was, she felt, just what was needed. She began to wonder how her grandmother looked when she wore the cameos.

She turned and snatched her velvet evening wrap from the foot of the bed and ran lightly down the stairs. Tom and Jim and Beth waited there for her and they all exclaimed when they saw her and told her how pretty she looked. Beth, who always dressed well, wore pale green chiffon and looked like a sea maiden.

There was a new boy at the dance that night. He was introduced to Beth and Phyllis by Dan Shannon, Tom's best friend, and as Phyllis looked up at the tall, serious-eyed boy she felt drawn to him at once and gayly accepted his invitation to dance, calling back over her shoulder a few words of consolation to Jim, who pretended to be jealous and quite offended.

It was a moonlight waltz, they discovered, and as Phyllis and Morton Harold slipped out onto the floor they found they were perfectly matched partners for each other.



When the waltz was over they found two chairs in a recess under the stairs, and Phyllis fanned herself with her red chiffon handkerchief, flicking it back and forth before her face until suddenly it caught in the old-fashioned catch of the necklace, which had slipped around to the front.

Morton Harold leaned forward to help her disentangle it, and looked at it.

"What a beautiful necklace," he said in deep appreciation, as he loosened the handkerchief and gave it back to her.

"It belonged to my grandmother," Phyllis said. "Grandfather bought it for her when they were in Venice on their honeymoon. She left it to me because I'm named for her."

"It must be valuable then," Morton said. "Real antique jewelry is. And the setting of those cameos is beautiful."

"Of course it means more to me than it would to anyone else," Phyllis said lightly, fingering it softly as though she really loved it. "But I guess it is valuable."

"It certainly is. Why do you wear it? I should think you'd be afraid something would happen to it," he said.

"It has a good catch, and what could happen to it when I'm not wearing it?" she laughed. "I keep it safely locked in the top of my wardrobe trunk."

"There might be a fire or someone might try to steal it," he answered. "Be sure and keep it locked safely away every night," he went on. "It would be a great temptation to some people."

"I promise," she answered gayly, and added, "Here comes Tom Landis. I have the next dance with him."

Morton Harold got to his feet as Tom approached. He waited until Tom had dropped down on the stiff little chair then left with a stiff little bow.

"Isn't he nice," Phyllis said, watching him go back to the dancing room. But it was a statement, not a question, and Tom cocked one eyebrow as he looked down at her.

"I guess he's all right," he said in a non-committal tone. "I don't know much about him. He comes from California and Dan brought him home from college for the holidays. This is his first year at Princeton."

"Dan brought him home just the way Beth brought me," Phyllis said.

"Exactly," Tom grinned. "You don't want to dance, do you? The last Jane was so heavy it was like dancing with a ton of bricks. I'm all worn out. I'd rather sit here and talk if you don't mind."

"No, I don't mind," Phyllis said pleasantly, and added, "Let's go down to the Witches' House again sometime. It fascinated me. Only we'd better not take Helen with us."

"You were game about it all right," Tom said admiringly. "Most girls would have screamed and beat it, but you stuck it out. I think it got Helen over her fear all right."

"I hope it did. But I didn't blame her for having been afraid of that place. It's terribly spooky." And Phyllis shuddered a little at the remembrance of the small house.

"How did that happen?" Tom asked idly, pointing to the small hole in Phyllis' handkerchief that lay in her lap.

She told him, adding Morton Harold's words about the necklace and the interest he had shown in it and the advice he had given her about keeping it locked away.

"If you didn't tell the world it was so old, no one would know it was valuable," Tom said bluntly. Girls were stupid.

(Continued on page 52)



Beth Landis

Red Coats and Blue

TO Gretta, work meant the beading of purses, or making tapestry, or going to the servants' quarters to praise or reprove dairy maids and still-room maids and kitchen maids. But work in Boston town in 1776 was another matter altogether. By work the population was clothed, fed and housed, and every one save the sick, the very old or the very young did his or her share.

The price of food had risen so high during the preceding winter that even rich people economized. Everything was measured, counted, weighed, and Gretta for the first time understood the labor, thought and skill which preceded the most commonplace meal.

Jeanie worked hard for her daily bread, on the principle that she could not be beholden to an enemy. The negro servant, a freed woman, was employed all day in the kitchen, and Harriet and Gretta were not excused by their youth from spending their time in some form of usefulness.

It was on a July day that Mistress Lawson sent Gretta to the weaver to bring home some cloth for winter garments. The whole house was active and Gretta alone, having finished hemming a pile of sheets, was unoccupied. There was a harpsichord in the parlor and she opened it, suddenly homesick. She was singing a song she had heard on the transport, when, light as air, a leaf of paper blew mysteriously from somewhere to her feet. She picked it up and saw that it was a page from a volume of Shakespeare's play. She read a little, finding to her surprise that certain words were underlined with ink.

"Cheer your heart"—then lower down—"friends" and still lower on the page, "at hand."

"Gretta, wilt go to the weaver for the homespun?" Mistress Lawson spoke. "And wear thy pattens. 'Tis moist under foot, and thy shoes are none so serviceable as I could wish."

Gretta hated the pattens, for they slipped off in the mud and had to be salvaged under the eye of any amused pedestrian who chanced to be near. She might have forgotten to wear them had she not dreaded the time when her own pretty shoes would wear out and be replaced by the coarsely sewn, ugly articles thought quite suitable for girls of her age.

The marked leaf excited her. Why were those words so



Gretta removed her pattens on the doorstep of the weaver's house

By HARRIETTE R. CAMPBELL

Illustrations by Marguerite de Angeli

marked and whence had the leaf blown? Was it accident or had someone tried in this way to send her a message?

The weaver's house was at no great distance. Gretta removed her pattens on the doorstep and entered to wait while the weaver's wife tied up the bundle. When she came out, her arms full of the heavy cloth, she stuck her feet into the pattens again, and gave an exclamation of annoyance, which something warned her to check.

"Is aught wrong, my dear?" enquired the kindly woman.

"Nay, 'tis naught. I struck my toe on the step, Mistress Weaver," replied Gretta politely.

The fact was, there was something in the toe of the patten. Gretta did not dare to look until, removing the pattens at the door of Mistress Lawson's house, she could do so without being observed.

She found a small ball of paper, and hid it in the bosom of her gown, before she went into the house.

Opportunities for complete privacy were not frequent in the Quaker household, but finally she was alone. She opened the piece of paper and spread it before her, her heart beating swiftly. What could it be?

As she began to read, amazement paralyzed her and she stood, in her shift, the paper in her hands, unable to believe what she saw.

There were two verses written in a sprawling illiterate hand. Her eyes filled with hot, indignant tears. For this is what she read:

'Tis a shame that so blindly
A lady so kindly
Should sinfully open to vipers her door,
No freeman should ever
From loyalty sever
His heart! to the tyrant 'tis closed evermore.

A soldier or hero
For monarchs like Nero
No wonder and horror must feel and must show,
Fools will pity the Tory
Though battlefields gory
Are strewn with the fallen
The Tories laid low.

When she had finished reading the verses, she crumpled the paper angrily in her fist and threw it from her.

She was sure the verses were meant as an attack on her, and how could she help herself? Reveling for once in complete misery and self pity, sudden thought stopped her. She ran to the corner where the ball of paper had rolled, and opened it eagerly.

Why should the first message have been so friendly and the second so hostile? Was the sender of these inconsistent messages trying to tell her something in code? *Was there a hidden meaning?*

She remembered that on the ship Denis had told her that some people said there was a hidden code in Shakespeare. The message of this morning had come on a sheet out of Shakespeare's works. And now this! If Denis had been in his normal condition she would have believed the messages came from him. She looked carefully at the writing—and suddenly her heart gave a leap. Certain letters were traced slightly more deeply than others! She hastily put these together. S, I, N were the first three and these were the last of "Denis", inverted. The next two were O, P, and the next made no sense at all. This is the order:

SIN OP NOFFS NOW WO HOW FOOW

She puzzled and puzzled over these until Mistress Lawson sent her to gather dandelions for soup. In the big field near the common where dandelions were abundant enough to hide her from view, she drew out the verses for a second inspection.

This time accident befriended her, for she held the paper upside down and saw at once that the darkened letters were all to be read that way. The W in will made an M. The two O's in "fools" had small extensions, as if carelessly penned, which made them into e's and the slovenly capital F made a fairly respectable small T. The H in "horror" was only

half darkened, and that half made a capital C. After pondering over it awhile, she discovered the letters went:

Meet
Me
Common
st
ten
denis

"Meet me Common St. Ten. Denis!"

It was a message and it made sense! The verses were only a blind and no doubt Denis had invented them. Was his silliness a blind too?

No one was allowed to be out after dark except on business, but tonight was an exception, for exciting news had been received from Congress. At last the thirteen Colonies had been declared an Independent Republic, rumor said. The whole city buzzed with discussion of the great step.

It was the passing of an excited mob, which filled the street and swept by them toward the Common, that gave Gretta her chance. Harriet had left her for a moment to speak to a friend, and Mistress Lawson was expostulating with a lad who was running excitedly toward the crowd. She was too preoccupied to notice what Gretta did.

It was dark and Gretta folded her wrap around her shoulders and hurried toward the meeting place. This street was crowded too. All the better for their purpose. As she walked along she saw Denis leaning against a tree, looking vacantly at the people. She paused.

He smiled at her and said, "Your song is very pretty."

"You can sing it, too."

"Yes, and others like it. I can make them. There is nothing else to do here. I'm tired of this place. Aren't you?"



The inn to which they had been directed was in a squalid street and seemed so forbidding that Jeanie hesitated at the low-hanging doorway

"Yes," whispered Gretta, anxious and rather nervous. Something passed expeditiously from his hand to hers. "Good night," he said, "there's to be a great celebration tomorrow. I'm going to see it."

The letter Denis had given her had to wait until morning, for candles were not wasted and Harriet extinguished their common one as soon as both girls were in bed. The earliest gray of morning awoke her. Harriet slept on, and with infinite caution Gretta unpinned the paper from her nightdress and read:

Destroy this completely when you have read it. At any moment they may discover that I am only pretending to be simple, and my chance of escape will be gone.

Next week a boat will be waiting at Marblehead Neck to take you and Jeanie and myself to Staten Island. We are to leave Boston by different routes. The celebration tomorrow will give us our chance. You will find a farm wagon at Fish Street Tavern at three. It will take you to Cambridge. There you will be concealed by a gentleman who will find means of getting you to Marblehead. I am going another way, quicker but more dangerous. This has all been planned by a friend who is here, and your father knows.

That was all. Gretta reread the words of caution. She had to tell Jeanie and make what preparations she dared for a journey. Today!

Gretta read the letter over again until she could remember every word. Then she crept cautiously from her bed and out of the room, down to the empty kitchen where embers still showed a ruddy glow on the hearth. Her letter was now flaming gaudily—then it was a scattered fluff of ash.

As she turned she heard a hand on the knob. The door opened, and Jeanie herself came in.

Gretta almost forgot her caution in her relief.

"Oh, Jeanie," she cried—and checked herself swiftly. In a low voice she told her everything.

"Aye," whispered Jeanie, "the Lord will care for his ain! Did I not say it? Gang to your bed, and pray to Him to bring us safe to your father and my Jamsie, and mind ye say it in plain words, lassie."

CHAPTER VIII

A Friend from Home

The City of Boston prepared to celebrate a great event. New flags hung in all their bravery from doorways and window sills, the bright stripes and thirteen white stars charged today with a meaning they had never borne before.

Mistress Lawson had not made a flag, for it was against her Quaker principles to encourage war, but the celebration of the birth of independence for her country seemed to her another matter, and she told the household that it would be a holiday, and that they might go to hear the Declaration read at the State House.

She called Gretta aside and, looking into her eyes, spoke to her gently.

"'Tis safer for thee to bide at home with Jeanie," she said. "War is a cruel thing, my child, and stirs the evil in every breast. Now content thee here while I am gone. Jeanie will make thee some buckwheat cakes for thy dinner and there is the new maple sugar for melting, on the shelf in the cellar."

Gretta never forgot her last sight of the gentle lady in her little gray cape and bonnet, as she walked with Harriet down the street toward the center of the town.

Gretta and Jeanie set about their preparations for their journey with methodical haste. Provisions for a few hours were packed in a clean kerchief, and a change of garments in Jeanie's plaid. Jeanie cooked a good meal and just as they sat down to eat it a shouting, greater in volume than anything Gretta had ever heard, alarmed them. Almost at the same time the report of a cannon vibrated through the house—then another and another. "One—two—three," counted Jeanie, standing, a platter in one hand and a jug in the other—"eight, nine, ten—thirteen. 'Tis the number of the colonies."

Boston town had gone wild with joy. Gretta felt the thrill that swept the city under its canopy of green leaves, and it made her more restless and excited than ever.

"Oh, hurry, Jeanie—do hurry," she begged.

The inn to which Gretta and Jeanie were directed was situated in one of the squalid streets leading to a wharf, and when they reached it, it seemed so forbidding that Jeanie hesitated at the low-hanging doorway, before using a brass knocker, grimed with neglect. The door was opened by a little boy, in the same condition as the knocker, who silently let them in and disappeared to summon an old man, greatly disturbed by his responsibilities, his son being out watching the fun, he explained. Would the ladies be seated? He had been told to expect them.

Even as he talked there was a rumble of wheels on the cobbles and the knocker sent a peremptory summons through the house.

"Hast got the merchandise?" a voice enquired. "It so bring it out, good father, for I have no time to waste. Must be over Boston Neck before nightfall and well on the road home."

The little old man, flurried and anxious, signaled to Gretta and Jeanie, who emerged from behind a big settle. They saw the

very picture of the honest farmer, afterwards embodied in the drawings of Uncle Sam. He was lean and active, bearded, and dressed in the high boots and home-spuns of the times. They followed him and allowed themselves to be concealed with sacking in the back of the cart.

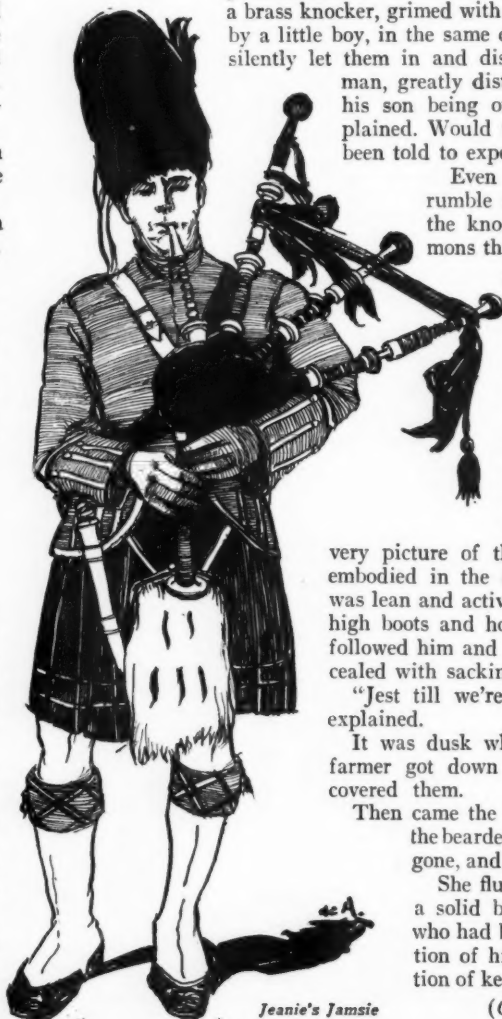
"Jest till we're out of Boston," the farmer explained.

It was dusk when the cart stopped and the farmer got down and lifted the sacking that covered them.

Then came the great surprise of the day, for the bearded farmer Gretta looked for had gone, and in his place stood Mr. Jimmy!

She flung herself on him. He seemed a solid bit of home, and even Jeanie, who had been strong in her disapprobation of his behavior, gave an exclamation of keen pleasure when she saw him.

(Continued on page 44)



Jeanie's Jamsie

Christmas Gifts from a Scrap-bag

Scarves and bags and hats can be made from odds and ends

By HELEN PERRY CURTIS



Yellow, flame and soft green crêpe de Chine make this bag and scarf

Illustrations

by

Harriet

Moncure

WITH Christmas coming and holiday parties and Christmas gifts to think about, we all look longingly at scarves and purses and hats by the dozen. But most of us can't afford to buy all these dozens, and it is hard to find just exactly the right color and style, anyway.

So some cold afternoon, let's get out the scrap-bag and see if, out of the left-overs of Aunt Mary's second best dress, or Uncle Harry's handsome Easter tie, we can't find enough material to make some scarves and what-nots. Maybe enough so we won't have to do Christmas shopping. At any rate, let's try.

Material from several costumes can be so combined that a scarf will match any one of two or three dresses. And you can match the material in all sorts of unusual and fascinating designs. Purses take only the smallest scraps of fabric and can be made in envelope shapes or mounted on tops like those you buy in stores. And there's not a girl in the world who can get too many purses for Christmas! By making these things yourself, you not only save much money, but you imitate nobody. You will never meet yourself walking down the street. That's always a little embarrassing! Add a little of the same material to your hat and you will have a very modish ensemble.

The first scarf I made was from a piece of yellow crêpe de Chine twelve inches wide and sixty inches long, left from a yellow afternoon dress I had made. I found two little pieces of crêpe de Chine in flame color and soft green. There was not much of either of these, but they happened to match two other dresses that I had, so that the one scarf would match three costumes. I cut strips of each color six inches and four inches wide to trim the ends of the scarf, reversing the position of the colors on the two ends, and putting them on in bands as shown in the picture. I next hemmed both edges of the scarf itself. Then I cut two four-inch squares, using opposite colors again. These I basted under a quarter of an inch all the way around, and laid

them on the scarf overlapping each other. I then appliquéd them on with yellow thread which just matched the yellow silk, and there I had a modernistic scarf that would match three costumes and didn't cost a cent. I wore it wound once around my neck, with both ends in front.

I found I still had a few scraps left and out of these I

planned a purse to match the scarf. First I cut two pieces of the yellow crêpe de Chine, shaped as shown in the diagram, about eight inches deep and eleven inches wide and rounded off a little at the lower corners. Then I cut bands of the flame and green silk and laid them on as shown in the diagram, reversing the colors on opposite sides of the bag. I hemmed these strips on by hand and appliquéd two of the smaller squares, like those on the scarf, to the middle section of the yellow. Next I cut two pieces of green crêpe de Chine of the same color as the outside of the bag for a lining, and two pieces of canvas of exactly the same size. I stitched up the canvas and the outside of the bag together to make a firm shape. Then I stitched up the lining and basted the inside and the outside of the bag together with the edges turned under. I left the bag open for a distance of about two inches on each side. Then I went to the store and picked out a tortoise-shell top that blended nicely with the yellow of the bag, and seemed to be the right shape and size. I mounted the bag by laying over two pleats in each side until it just fitted the top, and I sewed the already finished edges of the bag very neatly through the holes made in the top for that purpose. So for the price of only the top, I had a bag that sold at ten dollars in the shops.

On the yellow felt hat that matched my dress, I appliquéd two tiny squares of flame and green silk, one an inch in diameter when finished, and the other three-quarters of an inch. This completed my ensemble of scarf, purse and hat, that matched three costumes and cost next to nothing.

The next scarf I made was from some long narrow strips of silk in rose, old blue and ivory. The strips were each five inches wide and forty inches long, that is, the full width of a piece of crêpe de Chine. Of the rose and ivory I had only enough for two strips each, and the blue, two strips and a half. These I cut up as shown in the diagram, making each corner piece five inches square, and each short strip twelve inches long. The outside long strip of blue measured thirty-four inches and the inside strip of white twenty-one inches. Then I basted them together as shown in the diagram, taking in half-inch seams wherever the pieces joined and being careful to finish all the corners neatly. Next I trimmed off both ends of the scarf at a forty-five degree angle and had the strips sewed together and the edge picoté. The strips were hemstitched together on the wrong



Here is a different type of outfit in rose, old blue, and ivory silk

side in such a way that I could trim off the seam very closely by cutting through the middle of the hemstitching. I then trimmed off the outside picoted edge, pressed it, and the scarf was finished. This was a particularly jaunty type of scarf that could be tied in the front or back or on the shoulder, and like the first model, would match any one of three sporty costumes.

Of course, I wanted a purse like this one, too, and made it this time in a sort of envelope shape, cut as shown in the diagram and sloped a little toward the top. First of all I cut two pieces of the blue twenty-four inches long and nine and a half inches wide. Then I folded this at intervals of eight inches like an envelope, and sloped it from nine and a half inches at the bottom to eight inches at the top. Next I laid a five inch square of ivory on the flap piece and cut the point of the flap to fit its shape. I extended this five inch strip in both directions with rose-color until it met the edge of the bag. I then sewed the ivory and rose-colored pieces together and appliqued them on to the flap of the bag at the top edge where they met the blue. Then I cut a strip of canvas the same shape and size as the outside of the bag, for stiffening, and laid the inside and outside pieces of the bag face together with the canvas on top of the outside piece, and sewed them up all the way around the edge, leaving about a three inch opening at one edge in the envelope part. Next I snipped the corners and turned the whole thing right side out. Then I folded it together, envelope shape, and sewed up the side edges very finely over and over. That finished the envelope. Next I slid a piece of whale-bone, just the right length, through the top edge of the inside of the envelope, and ran in a thread to keep it in place. At each end of this piece of whale-bone I sewed on a small ivory ring and into these two rings fastened a handle made of a tubing of blue crêpe de Chine thirteen inches long. To make tubing, I cut two strips of crêpe de Chine an inch and a quarter wide and twelve inches long and one strip of canvas to match. I laid these together with the canvas on the outside and stitched them up a quarter of an inch from the edge. Then I fastened a safety pin to one end of this strip and slipped it through the tubing, turning it right side out. The canvas stiffened the handle just enough. I sewed it into the ivory rings on both ends, put a snap on the tip of the flap and had a bag to match my second scarf.



A woolen scarf and beret and purse to match are just right for skating

The ivory-colored hat I trimmed with a diagonal appliqué in rose and blue which completed another attractive ensemble.

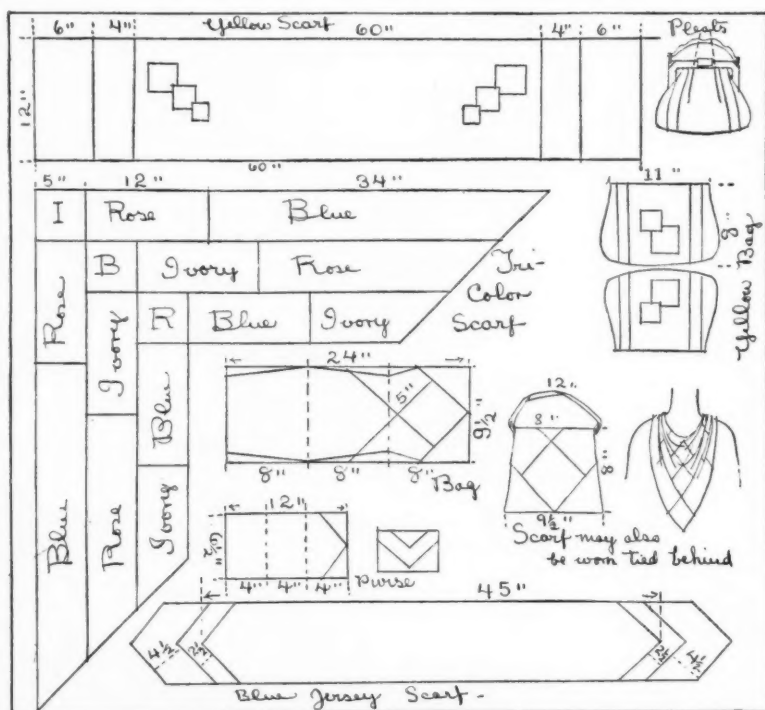
The third set was for skating. I had a piece of blue jersey left from a sports costume I had made—a lovely bright sapphire blue. Out of it I got two strips eight inches wide and forty-five inches long. I also had some small pieces of red and white jersey. I cut the blue strips in a point and from the red and white jersey I cut arrow-shaped bands that exactly fitted this point. The narrow strip was about two and one-half inches wide, measuring diagonally, and the wide strip four and one-half inches wide. I cut two of each color in each width and reversed them on the same end of the scarf, so that white would be opposite red, and red opposite white. I basted the bands carefully on to the ends of the blue strips. Then I stitched all of the seams, snipped the corners and pressed the seams open under a damp cloth.

When all four ends were finished I laid the two sides of the scarf together, face to face, and stitched them all around the edge, leaving about a three-inch opening at the middle of one side to turn it. I then snipped the corners, turned the scarf, basted it all around the edge, and pressed it. And finally I sewed up the three inch opening with blind stitch. This scarf was just long enough to wear folded over in front like a cravat.

To make the purse, I cut two pieces of blue jersey twelve inches long and six and a half inches wide, cutting one end in a point like an envelope flap, and then cut a canvas strip to match. I edged the flap with a narrow strip of the white jersey and just inside it placed a square of red jersey cut in a double point instead of an arrow shape. I stitched these on to the outside blue strip, cutting out the extra blue underneath. I then snipped the seams and pressed them open under a damp cloth, laid the inside and outside pieces

together, with the canvas over the outside piece, and stitched them all around the edge, except for a two inch opening at one side of the envelope. I next snipped the corners, turned the strip right side out, basted the edges and pressed it. I then turned the envelope at intervals of four inches and sewed up the two sides. Into the top of the inside part I slipped a piece of whale-bone just the right length and held it in place with a running stitch. A snap at the tip of the flap finished this much smaller purse. For I

(Continued on page 59)



By following these diagrams carefully, you can easily make any of these accessories

Winners in the Juliette Low Essay Contest

THE Juliette Low Prize Essay Contest ended on August thirty-first. Mrs. Wayne Macpherson, chairman of the Committee of Judges writes:

"In organizing the essay contest, 'Why I Should Like to Have Known Juliette Low', the intention was to arouse interest in the Founder of the Girl Scouts. It was hoped that the various sources of information, notably the book, *Juliette Low and the Girl Scouts*, lately compiled by her friends, would stimulate such interest and prove an example for Girl Scouts to follow. It was not so much the number of girls who competed in the contest but the varied response from girls from North and South, public and private school, as well as the quality of their work that was astonishing. To those who were fortunate enough to know Juliette Low and all her charm, energy and bigness of heart, it is indeed an inspiration to find that her qualities, the lesser and entertaining ones, as well as her genius and her nobility should be so well understood by girls who not only never knew her, but to whom so much of her life must have read like a fairy tale. It proves that beauty and nobility of character can be perceived and felt through the indirect medium of tradition and story, without actual contact.

"In awarding the prizes it was hard to choose among the best ten but the Committee finally decided to give the first prize to Elaine Handsaker, age seventeen, of Troop One, Portland, Oregon, who portrays clearly and adequately Mrs. Low's character, her understanding and unselfishness, her aspirations, difficulties, and accomplishments.

"The second prize goes to Genevieve Young, age fifteen, Troop Eight, of San Marcos, California, who, as one member of the Committee said, interprets Mrs. Low as the ideal Girl Scout, having the qualities that she and other Girl Scouts admire and would like to cultivate. May Kunz, age twelve, of Troop Two, Maywood, New Jersey, wins the third prize. She conveys a picture of Mrs. Low's love of adventure and depth of heart that is vivid and appealing.

"Honorable Mention is given to Louise Cooper, age thirteen, of Dayton, Ohio; Cleo Wheeler, fourteen, of Wilimantic, Connecticut and Maria Coxe, sixteen, of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania."

The prize essay follows:

Why I Should Like to Have Known Juliette Low

We are all influenced more or less by our friends and for this reason I should like to have known Juliette Low. She certainly embodied many of the qualities that a girl might wish to possess. Open mindedness, energy, generosity, a sense of humor, an intense enjoyment of life, enthusiasm, executive ability, tact, clear and original thinking, unselfishness, courage—what more could a girl wish? And just by association with such a personality a friend of hers would become inspired to strive toward the same high ideals of character which she had attained.

It was not easy for Juliette Low to achieve these many fine qualities and the fact that she did



have to struggle makes it seem more possible to follow after.

Juliette Low had many handicaps. Her deafness and her ill health might have stopped a less courageous person. But she was "following the gleam." She saw the wonderful effect Girl Scouting would have on American girlhood if she could only get it started. And so in spite of her handicaps she kept on.

It was hard for Juliette Low to work with other people. She was so sure her way was right that it was difficult for her to give in. But this she did, and graciously, when she saw it was best for the organization. She felt, too, that "If it isn't right, the girls won't take to it."

Another fine characteristic was that she thought in terms of what was best for the girls. She even resigned from the presidency of the Girl Scouts when she thought someone else could do it better. Nor did she allow her co-workers to forget that the aim was to help the girls.

Juliette Low was possessed of boundless energy. She could inspire energy in other people, too. She had need of these two traits to start so vast and glorious a movement as Girl Scouting.

Would not a person with qualities such as those I have mentioned in the last few paragraphs be a wonderful friend and inspiration?

If I had known Mrs. Low I think I would be able to grasp better the magnitude of the Girl Scout program. Too often girls become unduly enthusiastic over just one phase of Scouting, such as camping or winning of merit badges. Mrs. Low herself was a shining example of what a Girl Scout should be. She was a good sport, good camper and interested in all the out-of-door activities, yet she was a delightful hostess and charmingly feminine. She was at home with any group and won them all by her attractive personality. Knowing Juliette Low would have made me know what it means to be a real Girl Scout.

Mrs. Low enjoyed life to the fullest and everything she did was done enthusiastically. Life to her was just one adventure after another. Her bubbling spirits were contagious and by communicating her enthusiasm she made the world a brighter place for all her friends.

I think Juliette Low would have made a delightful friend if for no other reason than her sparkling wit and originality.

With her humorous stories at her own expense and her eccentricities of speech, spelling and manner she would indeed have been a pleasant person to know.

Juliette Low seems to have had as one of her main reasons in fostering the Girl Scout movement the promotion of world peace. As I, too, am deeply interested in that cause I would like to have talked

(Continued on page 58)

CHRISTMAS ARON



Scandinavia

The horn was blown for silence, come was the votive
hour;
To Frey's high feast devoted they carry in the boar.

Ukrania

Yuletide wakes, Yuletide breaks,
Woman, give me eggs and cakes.

If the cakes you do not give,
Your old ox will never live;
I will take him to the wood,
And will twist his horns for good.

Yuletide wakes, Yuletide breaks,
Woman, give me eggs and cakes.

If you make me stand and wait,
I will take away your gate;
If you will not give me eggs,
I will break your chickens' legs.

Yuletide wakes, Yuletide breaks,
Woman, give me eggs and cakes.

Spain

Long live merrymaking, for this is the day of rejoicing,
And may the perfume of pleasure sweeten our exis-
tence.

ROUND THE WORLD

France

Joy, Joy, my children, Joy!
May God send us showers of happiness
And grant that we may all be here
Together again in the coming year.
Joy, Joy, my children, Joy!
All good comes with Christmas.



Japan

One for song and O!
Welcome, O joyful New Year, beautiful and bright;
Garlands of rice straw and fern, and green young
sprays of pine!

Two for song and O!
Fair is the happy pine bough, green from year to year;
Blest be the Three-storied Pine on Kasuga's hillside!

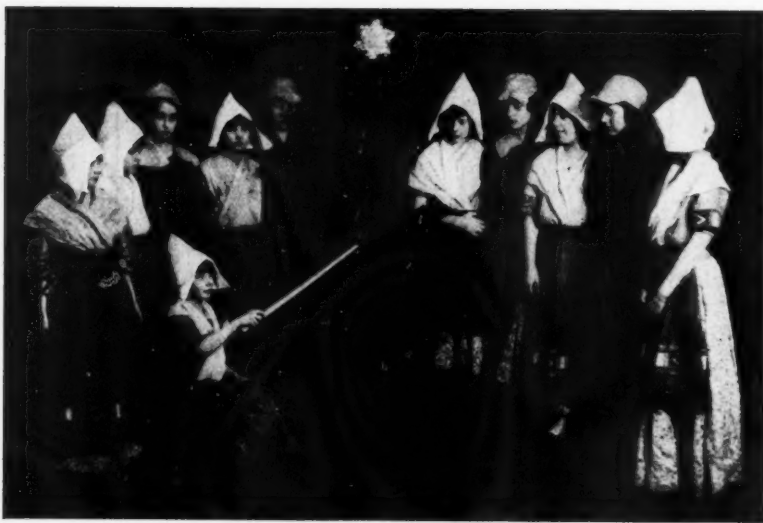
Three for song and O!
Comrades, today we gambol merrily and play,
Frisk in warm sunshine and gamely swing the battle-
dore!



England

Lo, now is come our joyfull'st feast!
Let every man be jolly,
Each room with ivy leaves be drest,
And every post with holly.





Bridgeport, Connecticut, Girl Scouts, in ingenious costumes, hold an interesting tree ceremony

AND HERE is Christmas upon us again—with its hurry and rush, its tinsels and trees, the gayest confusion of the whole year. Parties and plans, red and green tissues, holly and mistletoe—yes, it's a joyful time.

Then there is the other side of Christmas. That side began nearly two thousand years ago, when Three Wise Men carried gifts to a baby. Perhaps these Three were so wise because they had learned the joy of making other people happy. That is the rest of Christmas and perhaps the most important part. And that is one of the secrets of happy living that Girl Scouts have discovered.

Here the girls themselves are going to tell about what they do to make Christmas-time a merry time—with gifts and parties and lovely old English carols, and a million and one other things.

Christmas Carols

Holiday songs of California Bluebirds

In Ventura, California, the Girl Scouts have discovered how much more fun it is to help other people enjoy Christmas than it is to celebrate all by themselves. Virginia Horsley, of Bluebird Troop Number Three, tells us about the "caroling party" which her troop gave to hospital patients and to the old ladies' home. The girls delighted these listeners by singing favorite carols as they walked up and down the halls one afternoon shortly before Christmas. Here is a real suggestion for other Girl Scouts.

The Night before Christmas

Popcorn balls and other things

The Girl Scouts of Butte, Montana, achieved real originality on Christmas Eve when they met all incoming trains and gave to each lucky traveler a popcorn ball with a Girl Scout greeting attached. Julia F. Greiner tells us further: "We have not forgotten the needy of the city, and will do as we have been doing for several years; each troop has adopted a family and will give a com-

plete dinner basket to each family, not forgetting toys and candy for the children. The girls of the Rocky Mountain Troop have made fruit cakes for the people who have so unselfishly promoted Girl Scouting in Butte."

Dolls and Doll Shows

"The calico cat and the gingham dog!"

For the Girl Scouts of Cincinnati, Ohio, December, 1928, was almost the



Scrapbooks which will make children wide-eyed with delight were made by these Atlanta, Georgia, girls

Other Atlanta girls got suggestions from "The American Girl" for doing up their candy in gay wrappings

Spreading

*To bring delight to
of the real joys of
have found various*

Month of Menageries! For, if you can believe it, they made five hundred gingham dogs and cats, and dressed—hold your breath—nine hundred dolls. Then through charity organizations of the city, fourteen hundred little boys and girls were made fourteen hundred times happier—and they will be this year, too. For the girls do all of this every single Christmas-time. And if you ever go to Cincinnati when the dolls they've dressed are first on exhibition in a big downtown store window, we guarantee you a real sight to behold.

A Christmas Caravan

Central Valley girls sing carols

For the past two years, the Girl Scouts of Central Valley, New York, have sung Christmas carols to families of their town and Highland Mills. Ellen Jones describes it to us: "This year we were furnished with red hoods and capes and several of the girls carried lanterns. As it was quite a distance from one house to another we were taken in a large motor truck which had been filled with straw for the occasion. When we came to a house where we were to sing, we would all get out of the truck, trying to be very quiet and standing in a group, the ones with lanterns in front. Then we sang the carols as did the English waits of long ago."

An Annual Christmas Party

Mexican children get one

For three years the Girls' Clubs in the high school, Girl Scouts,



Christmas Cheer

other people at Christmas-time is one the holiday season, and Girl Scouts ways of making Christmas a merry one

Camp Fire Girls, and Girl Reserves have together given a Christmas party to some five hundred and twenty-five Mexican children in Mexican camps.

The visiting nurses supply the names of the children. The girls send gay colored invitations to each child. Two or three days before Christmas they arrive at the camps with Santa Claus, tree, gifts, apples, candy, stockings and popcorn balls. A short Christmas program is given and Santa delivers the presents.

The High School girls go to each succeeding camp in buses, see the children to whom they have given gifts, and Christmas means just that much more.

Christmas Service

Some suggestions from Hartford

Here are some ideas for ways to help other people have a Merry Christmas. Evelyn S. Deming, Chairman of the Service Committee of the Hartford, Connecticut, Girl Scouts, suggests among other things: "Scrap books are pleasing to sick children in hospitals. You can make the outside cover of colored cloth and cut fancy edges. Perhaps your troop would like to give a toy or

fifty candy bags for the children's Christmas party to be given by the Americanization Committee." Ideas galore—and all of them fun and a joy to the people you help!

Tuberculosis Fund

White Plains Girl Scouts help

The Girl Scouts of White Plains, New York, perform an annual service to the Tuberculosis Fund at Christmas-time by helping them in the distribution of their Christmas seals—placing notices in envelopes, stamping and mailing.

An "American Girl" Stunt

Have you one?

Many months ago we received from Dayton, Ohio, a copy of an AMERICAN GIRL Stunt which was ingeniously devised and put on by the Girl Scouts there, under their local director, Sylvia Tyrrell, who wrote us about it. She told us, among other things, that the stunt

Scout uniform which had pinned on it the covers to several AMERICAN GIRL magazines. It was a very clever stunt and met with success in the troops. It takes about fifteen or twenty minutes to put it on, and after the stunt, the characters passed out to the audience THE AMERICAN GIRL letters."

Now that we have sufficiently aroused your curiosity, we will assuage it somewhat by telling you that we think this stunt is so original that we have had mimeographed copies made for distribution. If you would like to have it for your troop, you may write to Elsie Wrase, at THE AMERICAN GIRL, who will be glad to send you a copy.

It's very easy in these standardized days for everybody to copy everybody else. Girl Scouts, though, have a faculty for being both independent and original. What are you doing for the holidays? Perhaps you, too, are giving a stunt. If you are, be sure to let us know about it, and send pictures, if you take them.

Your Own Christmas Plans

Let us hear them

No matter what you do this year—whether you give a party for the old ladies' home, or the orphanage, or the hospital—remember THE AMERICAN GIRL wants to hear about it. Send in a letter telling just what your troop has done this year to spread Christmas cheer, and we will do our best to print it in our next year's AMERICAN GIRL. And if you have any pictures, send them, too.



St. Paul, Minnesota, carolers go back to the lovely customs of Christmas Eve as it used to be in Merrie England



Girl Scouts decorate the Triplet Christmas Tree for a Sioux City, Iowa, orphan's home

gift shower to some family who might be overlooked by Santa Claus. We have folded Christmas seals for the Tuberculosis Society to send out to friends. In addition, the Girl Scouts have been distributing Christmas seal posters to all schools in the city. In many schools this meant that the girls placed a poster in every room in the school. Some of our Girl Scouts have made two hundred and

was entirely original, and she went on to describe the costumes. "The Girl Scout wore her uniform; the girl taking the part of the pin held a piece of card board, cut and painted to look like a big bar pin. The girl impersonating the book held in front of her a large piece of card board which was cut and painted to resemble a cover to a book. And THE AMERICAN GIRL wore her Girl



An always-welcomed GIFT to those you love

YOU COULD, of course, give many things more expensive. But will they be more appreciated than the gift of happy occasions re-lived over and over again? The occasions quickly jotted down at the time, that spring to life in minute detail, years later, when you see them in a diary?

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☐ (2) Send booklet of Standard Diary line.

Name _____

Address _____



Jo Ann and Santa Claus



(Continued from page 16)

tree than Jo Ann had really expected.

The dinner went off very well. It was hurried but everyone was merry. Tommy and Ted ragged Jo Ann and Wicky a good deal, but Jo Ann was able to give them as good as they sent. Nell was the demure hostess, but Lieutenant Benwood and Mr. Bassick laughed a great deal.

"I think Santa Claus had better go and get ready now," Nell said. "The children will be arriving for their party soon, and the first thing will be Santa Claus."

Tommy and Ted went out, closing the heavy curtain of the hall door, and Jo Ann looked at Wicky meaningly.

"I think we will go up and get ready, too, Nell," Jo Ann said. "I'm going to be Santa Claus, you know."

"Run along," Nell smiled, "but beware of the Bassicks," and Jo Ann and Wicky hurried upstairs and into their room, which Jo Ann locked on the inside.

"Now, what did she mean by that?" Wicky asked.

"Nothing. Just talk," Jo Ann said. She drew down the shades and the two began throwing off their dresses and getting into the Santa garments. As soon as they were partly clothed Jo Ann unlocked the door and opened it. "Put on your mask; be ready to go out and be captured," she said to Wicky. "Leave your boots to the last—they don't matter. Listen!"

"What do you hear?"

"Didn't you hear somebody saying 'Easy! Keep it steady!' downstairs just then?"

"No. Jo Ann, those boys aren't making much noise, are they?"

"Wait! I'm going to listen at their door!" Jo Ann said, and she slipped quietly into the hall.

"Jo Ann!" Wicky called almost immediately. "Come here, quick!"

She had gone to the closet to put her dress on a hanger.

"What is it?" Jo Ann asked, returning to the room.

"This is funny, Jo Ann. This hanger has 'M.S.' embroidered on it. All these hangers have. Those weren't Nell's initials."

"Wicky, those boys aren't in that room," Jo Ann said. "If they are, they're keeping quieter than I ever knew them to. Listen!"

Wicky had picked up a silver tray from the dresser. The initials engraved on it were "M.S." Under the tray the dresser scarf was embroidered "M.S."

"Listen!" Jo Ann repeated.

"What do you hear?" Wicky said.

"That's it—I don't hear anything.

Wicky, the lights downstairs are all out! I don't believe there is anybody down—Wicky, there'd be children coming by this time! Wicky—everybody's gone!"

"Jo Ann! This isn't the house; this isn't Nell's house! Those boys didn't come up—

stairs. They went out! We're all alone!"

The girls ran down the stairs and found the switch and turned on the lights. The tree was gone! That was what Jo Ann had heard being carried out through the French windows. There was no one in the house but themselves. Jo Ann tried the front door and found it locked. She turned to the telephone.

"Hello! Hello, Central!" she called. "Who are we? I mean we're two girls and we're in the wrong house. Whose house are we telephoning from?"

"What is this, a joke?" Central's voice answered. "You're calling from 6759 Benton. That's Norman Spence's number—242 Shady Lawn Street."

"Yes? Oh, thank you!" Jo Ann replied. "And can you tell me where Lieutenant Edgar Benwood's house is?"

"Yes; one minute, please," Central replied and, after a slight delay: "Edgar Benwood's address is 246 Shady Lawn Street. That should be two doors from where you are, I think," and then, "Wait one moment—someone is calling your number."

"Hello!" said a voice over the 'phone wire, and Jo Ann recognized it as Lieutenant Benwood's.

"It's Edgar Benwood," Jo Ann said.

"Hello, Jo Ann!" Lieutenant Benwood called. "Hello! Are you there?"

"Yes," said Jo Ann coldly.

"Sorry we had to leave you so suddenly," Edgar laughed. "Had to have a Bassick Santa Claus, you see. You know—the Bassicks hang together." Now, listen, Jo Ann—come right over, you and Wicky, will you? Our house is the second house. We're having a grand party—can you hear the kids yelling? That's because Santa Claus Tommy is just coming down."

"Spence!" Wicky was saying. "This must be Ted Spence's brother's house. They must have gone somewhere for Christmas and let Nell use their house to fool you, Jo Ann!"

"Are you coming right over?" Edgar asked through the 'phone.

"We're not coming over," Jo Ann said.

"Oh, now, Jo Ann!" pleaded Lieutenant Benwood. "Don't get sore."

"We're not coming over," Jo Ann repeated. "We are having our Christmas here. We—we're just getting ready to give out the presents. I am Santa Claus, thank you. So don't bother about us.

She hung up and turned to Wicky.

"Go up and get the presents we brought, Wicky," she said. "This is the house they brought us to, and this is the house I'm going to be Santa Claus in."

The telephone bell was ringing again, insistently, but Jo Ann paid no attention to it, and presently it stopped. Wicky was coming downstairs with the armful of presents they had brought for Nell and Edgar and each other, and what Jo Ann had bought for Tommy and Ted, when there came a knocking on the front

(Continued on page 40)



Nadine and Sorrell try to save a baby's life—in a snow storm—

The CHRISTMAS DIARY

of a Girl in her 'teens

December 15th ☆ ☆ ☆

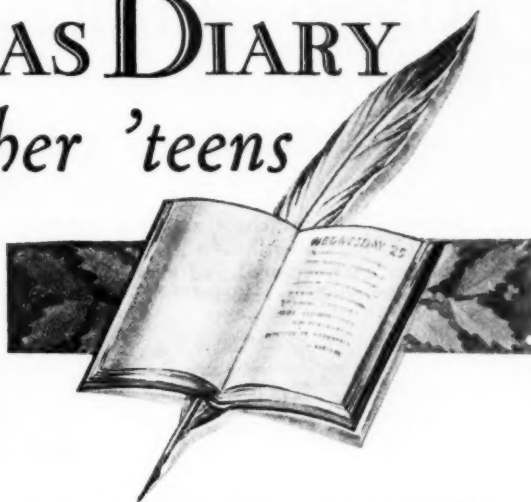
Snow on the ground, and people hurrying about looking secretive and important, all because Christmas is only ten days away. I hope I get that bathrobe I'm making for Mother finished in time. But it is hard work. That tedious old sewing machine in the attic is so stiff in the joints, it makes me lame to work it. And the noise it makes—gracious! But it's all in a good cause—and I do think the bathrobe will be really nice if I ever finish it.

December 20th ☆ ☆ ☆

It gets more like Christmas around here all the time. Dad goes about with the most worried look on his face, but last night he and Mother had what he calls a "conference" about something. Dad looks less worried today and Mother looks bursting with news. I wonder what they're going to give me. A yellow chiffon party dress would help a lot, and so would a black velvet for afternoons. I *would* love some pink crepe shorts, or maybe some spiffy pajamas. But they'll probably think those things aren't "practical." Maybe they'll give me some things for my room. Oh, dear, I *do* want such a lot. No wonder Dad looked worried!

December 25th ☆ ☆ ☆

Oh, what a wonderful, wonderful Christmas, it has been! I'll never forget it, as long as I live. There was, of course, the usual \$10 from Aunt Ellen, and a really lovely bracelet from Louise, and lots of candy and books, and a *darling* enamelled vanity from Jerry. But the most exciting and wonderful gift was Mother's and Dad's. It stood next to the Christmas tree, all shining walnut, and I thought it was a desk-table for my room. And so it is, when I'm not using it for its real purpose! But hidden under the flat table-top, what should there be but an electric sewing machine—a Singer! Never in the world could there have been a more perfect gift, for with it I can make all the beautiful dresses and dainty lingerie and room-fixings that I want—for the rest of my life! Why, Aunt Ellen's \$10 alone will buy the materials for the yellow chiffon evening dress and brother Bob's \$5 the new pajamas and shorts. And it'll be lots more fun making them myself, exactly the way I like them, on this wonderful machine. Imagine—you just press a little lever and a tiny motor, hidden away somewhere, does all the work! And the Singer people gave me all sorts of free books with the machine, telling exactly how to make absolutely *everything*—dresses, draperies, bedspreads, cushions, chair covers, underwear, even coats—



and it's all so easy that *anybody* can do it. And in addition to these wonderful books I can have personal instruction in sewing entirely free at our Singer Shop here in town. I'm going to begin to make pretty things on my machine tomorrow—but the first thing I'm going to do is to make a *new* lovely negligee for Mother—a really beautiful one, because I *do* want her to know I think she's the most wonderful mother in the world.



Wouldn't you, too, like to have for Christmas the magic means to all the lovely clothes you want—a modern Singer Electric? Then why not show this page to *your* mother? She probably knows where to find the Singer Shop in your community, but in case she doesn't, look in your local telephone directory for the address of the Singer Sewing Machine Company.

☆ ☆ ☆

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The wind howls, Nadine grows drowsier—read what happens in "Winter Comes."

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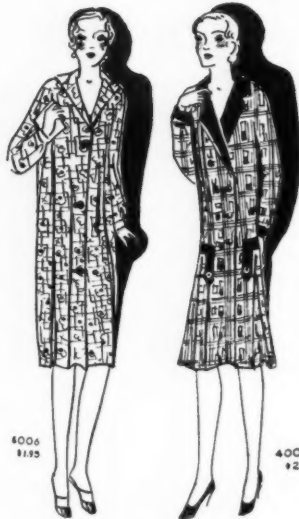
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Jo Ann and Santa Claus

(Continued from page 38)

door, and Jo Ann admitted Lieutenant Benwood. He was without a hat, and he tried to be jovial, but Jo Ann could see he was worried, too. He told Jo Ann she must go over to the other house.

"I'm having my Christmas here, thank you," Jo Ann said. "I've got Tommy's present here, and I'm Santa Claus, and I couldn't think of going to your house until I gave Tommy his present here. Never! Not ever again!"

"I'll bring Tommy over," Edgar said. "Nell feels just awful—"

"And there should be a tree to take the presents off of," Jo Ann said.

"We'll bring the tree back," said Edgar promptly. "And—"

"Some of the children? And Ted? And Nell?" Jo Ann demanded.

"Yes, the whole bunch. You'll call it square then, Jo Ann? You'll not be mad at us forever?"

"Not when I've been your Santa Claus," Jo Ann said.

The children thought it was great fun—a party that walked around from one house to another—and Nell begged Jo Ann's pardon and said it had all been meant as a joke, and Mr. Bassick and Edgar brought the tree. There were just two gifts left on it, and when the tree had been put in its first location, Jo Ann, her Santa mask on her face, took one from the tree.

"This is for me," she said, and she opened it, "and this is for you, Wicky." They were bright yellow lemons. Tommy Bassick grinned, but none too heartily. The joke did not seem to be as clever as he had thought it would be, and Jo Ann handed her lemon to Wicky to hold, and proceeded to give presents to Nell and Edgar and to Wicky. The last she had to give were those for Tommy Bassick and Ted.

"Thomas Bassick and Theodore Spence!" Jo Ann called, and Tommy and Ted, grinning sheepishly, went to her and took their presents from Jo Ann's hands.

"Open them! Open them!" Edgar Benwood cried, and the two boys even more sheepishly opened the parcels. They knew Jo Ann would have some good joke on them. When the papers were removed Tom and Ted stared at their presents and their faces grew red. What Jo Ann had given them were pairs of the hand-somest, softest sport stockings they had ever seen, stockings that would delight any boy. And they had given Jo Ann a lemon!

"Aw, gosh! Aw, say, Jo Ann!" Tommy said, for he did not know what else to say. "Say! Gosh!"

"Atta girl, Jo Ann!" Lieutenant Benwood exclaimed. "Atta good sport! Atta Santa Claus!"

Late that night in their bed in Nell's own house, Wicky said, "Well, you won, anyway, Jo Ann."

"Yes," Jo Ann said with a sigh of satisfaction. "I won, I guess. Tommy was Santa Claus at the start—but I was Santa Claus from then on."

A thrilling mystery serial is coming soon—

Gay's Lucky Masquerade

(Continued from page 20)

know she said to turn to the right," insisted Hap as he went away in haste.

Gay hurried to her room and untied the big box eagerly. Gladys had described the costume as "ducky", so it was with a keen sense of anticipation that she pulled away the shrouding tissue paper. Then she gave a gasp.

Aunt Jane, peeling potatoes in the kitchen, looked up with a startled squeak as a dashing figure in the uniform of a mounted policeman strode across the room with martial tread.

"Gay! My land! What are you doing in that rig?"

"Oh, Aunt Jane." Gay was so convulsed with laughter she could hardly speak. "Isn't it just like that haphazard Hap? He's left his own costume and walked off with mine."

"But what are you going to do?"

"Do? I'm going to wear it. It will serve him right for being so careless. Won't he be furious when he has to go as a Christmas Sprite? Why, he'll look exactly like Gladys. Knowing Hap, I'm sure he'll never dress until the last possible moment, and then it will be too late to get another costume. No doubt he expected to make a hit with this outfit. He even has a dark wig in the box to change his appearance. With my boyish bob I don't need it, and the mustache will be disguise enough without a mask."

All the next day Aunt Jane fussed. "It looks so dark for you to take that drive by yourself," she worried as she peered out of the window. "I'll be nervous every minute of the time. Won't you please take Chief with you?"

"A police dog and a policeman, well, why not?" Gay twinkled. "My, what an impressive entrance we'll make. I'll flourish my tin revolver and snap, 'Hands up!' All right, Aunt Jane."

As she sped along the dark road that led to the turnpike, she found the big dog sitting bolt upright in the seat beside her, very companionable. Overhead the sky was ablaze with stars, before her, fun and frolic were awaiting, so no wonder she found the ride through the crisp winter night exhilarating. And then it happened. There was a bump, a bang, and "Blow out!" she exclaimed.

One thought was uppermost in her mind as she slipped from her seat. What if careless Hap had not prepared for just such an emergency?

For once in his heedless life Hap proved dependable, and almost light-heartedly Gay made the necessary repairs. She even sat on the running-board of the car and giggled as she spied the cause of her trouble, a rusty old horseshoe with a wicked looking nail in it.

A few minutes' prying dislodged the nail and she threw it deep among the bushes where it could do no more damage. Then tucking the curved end of the horseshoe through her belt, she went on.

But in spite of a clear road, the hands

(Continued on page 42)

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Venus

Gay's Lucky Masquerade

(Continued from page 41)

of her watch pointed to nine as she took the turn at the Crossways on the last mile of her ride. Hazel, who was a stickler for punctuality, had said eighty-three, but there was the house now.

How eerie it looked beneath the cold light of the moon. Tangled bushes and vines nearly concealed it from passers-by, and the driveway was such a wilderness of ruts and stones that after a moment's hesitation she decided to leave the car on the main road. Yet what happy times she had enjoyed here as a child.

The spell of bygone days was so upon her that, although the porch sagged beneath her steps, automatically her hand moved to the knot hole back of the pillar where the Morrisons had always trustingly tucked their key. Then her lips pursed in a soundless whistle. There it was, as it had remained all these years. Well, she and Chief would give the hostess a surprise.

Gratingly the lock yielded beneath her insistent pressure and she stepped softly into the hallway. How dark it was, and how quiet. One would suppose Hazel was having a spooky Hallowe'en party instead of a New Year's affair. It was disconcerting. She had expected to be in the midst of a laughing crowd of friends, but a sudden thought struck her as she spied a gleam of light outlining the door.

"Hazel's holding the party in the big sitting room," she decided, and with Chief padding at her heels like a lean gray ghost, she tiptoed forward, pistol in hand, and flung open the door.

"Hands up; this house is surrounded," she ordered crisply in her deepest contralto, and then for one dreadful moment her heart gave a frightened lurch.

Something was dreadfully wrong. For where was the hostess, and where the party? Instead, two men sprang up from a suitcase over which they were bending, and stood facing her with hands high.

They were men of most unprepossessing appearance as she saw with an inward shiver, and she never knew how she retained the presence of mind to keep her pistol unwavering. If she showed fright, ever let them suspect it was only a girl who was bluffing them, her blood ran icy at the thought. For with a sense of panic she saw that slowly, very slowly, the larger of the two was lowering his arms, and that his left hand had only four fingers.

"How did you find our hiding place, Chief?" he began with what was intended as a conciliatory smile. He spoke to the uniformed figure, but at the sound of his name the gray shadow in the background went into action. With a snarl that showed wicked white fangs and bristled the hair along his back, Chief arose on his hind legs. He was a menacing sight—a savage wolf of a dog. With a startled exclamation the men retreated inch by inch until they backed against the open door of the closet.

"Get into that closet," she snapped. "Sic 'em, Chief."

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Amelita Galli-Curci tells you about her first savings—

For five dreadful minutes after the lock was fastened, Gay stood fighting the dreadful nausea that threatened to overcome her.

Blindly she groped for some support, and her arm, brushing against the horse-shoe, sent it crashing down on the toe of her boot. How it hurt. But the pain was the very thing needed to revive her, and leaving Chief to watch the closet, she dashed for the door. There she paused with a shiver as a car raced down the road and brought up before the house with a squeal of brakes.

What if the three figures clambering out were friends of the prisoners inside?

In the seconds that followed it seemed as if she lived a lifetime, until, "Hap!" she shrieked as the headlights glistened on a holly wreath crown.

"So sorry I gave you wrong directions. It was from the Kenvil Road that you were supposed to turn right," began Hap penitently. "Say, Gay, we're going to set a trap for the bandits tonight—"

"Well, you don't need to bother. I have both the men locked in the closet inside." Gay's tone was nonchalant.

"W-what?"

Of course, they did not believe her. Hap started to murmur something about "hysterical girls". He stopped abruptly when he saw all the loot in the suitcase, and sent Bob Doremus rushing to the nearest telephone.

After that events moved with such rapidity that Gay lost all track of time. But when a dishevelled looking Christmas Sprite, a policeman with mustache sadly awry, and a huge police dog put in a belated appearance at the party, horns were tooting to welcome in the New Year.

How the people of the town sat up and rubbed their eyes when they opened their newspapers and read in big headlines, "Elizabeth Gaylord, heroine, shares honors with police dog in capture of bank bandits with loot." And there never was such a party as the one they gave her; all other social events paled into insignificance beside it.

Chief, in a brand new collar, was one of the guests of honor and was given far more ice cream than was good for him, in spite of Aunt Jane's remonstrances. But she was far too happy to do more than mildly protest.

As for Gay—in a scarlet tulle gown that matched her cheeks—she felt as if she were living in a dream. To think she had won the reward that meant camp and college, as well as many good times for Aunt Jane. What a happy New Year this had proved to be after all.

The other members of the Jolly Four were in their element. But when Hap dashed up to offer his congratulations, Gladys could contain herself no longer.

"To think that a girl, instead of a 'two-fisted he-man' captured the bandits," she giped, "and didn't have hysterics, either. I hope now, Hap Hazard, you'll admit that you were surprised."

"But I wasn't," retorted Hap, rising nobly to the occasion, "for it only goes to prove what I have always said, that you never can depend upon a girl for anything."

When Age Chuckles



"YOU are the youngest looking grandfather I ever saw. What's the secret?" "My dear, two things. The good health that I have worked for and won—and a keen interest in life. With books, music, sports, travel, inventions—each day brings something new. I want to see what will follow the telephone, radio, automobile, aircraft—what electricity will do next. . ."

No longer do scientists accept the idea of a fixed "span of life". They know that the average length of life is longer in some countries than in others. They know that babies fare more safely in the world—that people everywhere face fewer dangers today from contagious and other diseases.

While the average length of life has increased by 10 years since 1901, the improvement has been achieved mainly among the younger ages, leaving as our most pressing problem the protection of the lives of those who have passed middle age.

One by one the perils which formerly caused untimely deaths are being conquered. "Witches" are not burned nowadays to stop plagues. On the other hand, sanitation, vaccination, inoculation and other scientific means are employed to prevent most of them.

People are learning the effect of fresh air, sunshine, cleanliness, proper breathing and exercise, sleep and a well-balanced diet.

An annual medical examination for the discovery and correction of physical impairments before they have progressed too far to be remedied will help keep the body sound.

In the United States and Canada there are more than 2,500,000 people between 70 and 80 years of age; more than 600,000 between 80 and 90; fifty-odd thousand between 90 and 100; and about 5,000 past the century mark.

The person who plans wisely to live to a happy and ripe old age never forgets that the mind is a powerful influence and that physical troubles are apt to follow a morbid viewpoint.

The world is tingling today with promise of future marvels even more wonderful than those we now know. Live to enjoy them.

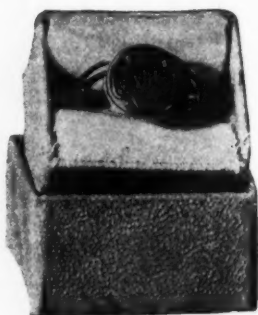
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Red Coats and Blue

(Continued from page 30)

"Weel—who wad hae thought it!" she remarked with all a true Scot's reluctance to seem greatly surprised at anything. "I did think, sir, I'd noo be pleased to see a law breaker in a lone spot like this, but when ye've had nought but rebels about ye, 'tis something to see a subject of the King even if he be English and none too loyal at that."

"Oh, Jeanie," cried Gretta, "how can you be so unkind, when Mr. Jimmy has rescued us!"

"A man must do something," Mr. Jimmy put in, "and Jeanie thinks rightly. I could do no less than come to the aid of a young lady who saved my life!"

"But how did you get here and why aren't you fighting?" cried Gretta.

A shade passed over his face.

"They won't have me," he answered lightly. "I must get the King's pardon before I can serve him, it seems. So—" he shrugged his shoulders, "I do what I can, where I can. And a rough business it is sometimes. But here's a spring, Mistress Gretta. Are you ready for a drink too?"

When they had drunk of this bubbling water, bathed their faces and wrists, they felt born again. Gretta mounted beside Mr. Jimmy, and listened to his adventures. He had secured a passage on one of the food ships from Plymouth, and had landed at Boston while the town was occupied by the British. He had obtained a small skiff and made a little money by organizing foraging expeditions on his own responsibility and selling the food to the troops.

"I've fallen between two stools here," Mr. Jimmy laughed. "The King won't let me fight for him and I won't fight against him."

It was through friends made in this way that he had been able to help Gretta. He would find his way to Westchester County later on. In the meantime he was picking up information which might be of use. "I'm king of the cowboys," he laughed. "In case you don't know who they are, they change sides as often as it is convenient to do so, and make a good thing out of it."

The hot day was followed by a lovely night. Gretta dozed, and woke to hear Jeanie talking in broad dialect to Mr. Jimmy, slept again, and woke only to be lifted down and led into a hall dimly lighted by one candle, up some stairs to a room where a huge bedstead with four posts and linen hangings was all she saw.

"Goodnight, little lady," she heard Mr. Jimmy say, as he laid her on the bed and kissed her hand.

She bade him a drowsy goodnight and fell asleep. When she woke, Jeanie was in the room, drawing aside her curtains.

"Look ye, my dear," she said. "We must bestir ourselves, for 'tis

a long journey we mun tak' this day."

When they were dressed and ready, a man servant supplied them with breakfast and a parcel of food for their journey, mounted them on two bony horses, and pointed out their way.

"What became of Mr. Jimmy?" asked Gretta. "Oh, I wish I'd thanked him properly, Jeanie."

"He did na care to be thankit," Jeanie replied. "For one sae lawless, he is na sae evil as ye might expect. He told me what to do."

They passed Harvard College with its square faced buildings set opposite one another, the central one facing the street from which it was separated by a low wall.

At night, by aid of a deaf and dumb guide who met them at the ferry, they found themselves at the doors of an empty farmhouse.

Jeanie lit a fire and made tea in a broken pot that hung in the kitchen. The house had been used by anyone who happened to find it convenient. Its owners had fled to Halifax with Howe. There were still odds and ends of china not yet broken by passing troops or vagrants. The house was too far from others for the smoke from the chimney to be seen, and too commonly used for this sort of thing to invite suspicion in any case, so Jeanie and Gretta made a substantial meal, and went to bed on the floor.

Gretta did not sleep at once. Something about the desolate house which had not very long ago teemed with life and activity caught at her heart. What was it all about? Her father had explained but she could not remember.

War—was it indeed the devil's own method of dragging souls to hell as the Quaker preacher had declared—or was it the glory and adventure—the righteous and heroic punishment of wrong-doing and vindication of a splendid cause which she had been taught to regard it? Was it possible that both sides could be right, and both wrong?

The quiet house made no answer either, but perhaps she had appeased its spirit by her thoughts or by the little prayer she prayed.

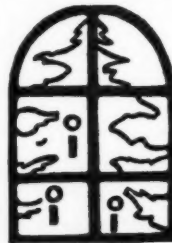
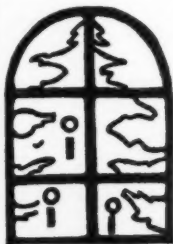
"Please, God, let people be kind to each other, and if ever I find my father again make me remember how it feels to be alone."

It was the tramping feet and the sound of men's voices that woke Gretta, rudely, from a peaceful sleep. Jeanie, leaning over her, said, "Hush, we mun hide ourselves, lassie, 'tis soldiers, and they be none of our ain to treat us kindly."

Gretta leaped to her feet, her heart beating wildly.

They could hear the stirring of the fire on the hearth, and the laughter of men. To judge by the sound down below, there must be at least four or five of them.

(Continued on page 46)



A winter hike with Mary Ellen—what could be more fun?—

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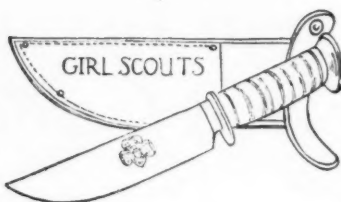


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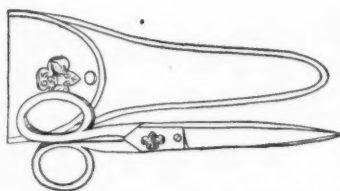
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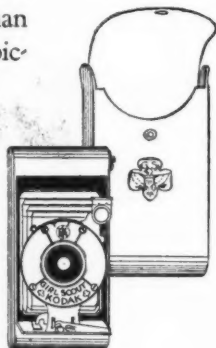
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The steel blades are sharp, the handles are enameled in green, and they fit into a neat green case. With the case they cost \$1.25. Without, \$1.00.

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NATIONAL EQUIPMENT DEPARTMENT

GIRL SCOUTS, Inc.

670 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y.

Red Coats and Blue

(Continued from page 44)

They gathered together their belongings in silence and, listening at every step, crept down the creaking stairs. They might have reached the barn in safety had not a derelict wheelbarrow, lying in the uncut grass, tripped Gretta and caused her to fall heavily. Jeanie dropped to her side but the grass was not long enough to hide them from the eyes of a Maine farmer, trained to soldiering in the forests against crafty Indians. It was such a man who came to the kitchen door and saw the two figures crouched among ox-eyed daisies and goldenrod.

"Hi!" he called in surprise, "what's all this?"

Gretta got up, and Jeanie, ready to fight or run as the case might demand, stood beside her.

"If you please," Gretta said, frowning at Jeanie, "we are only on our way to join our friends at Salem. Will you let us go?"

"Wal—why not?" the man enquired. "Nobody's stopping ye. There's the road."

"But our horses are in the barn," Gretta explained, made unwary by his mildness.

It was indeed the wrong thing to say. If Gretta had only known the scarcity of horses.

"Oh—ho—not so fast, little lady," said the man. "Horses!" he called over his shoulder.

"Don't you try to play off any of your jokes on us, Ben," another man answered.

"She says she's got them," the first man asserted.

"Gang," whispered Jeanie, "there's a back door to the barn. Gang! Find your way to Marblehead and I'll follow."

"Will ye pay me for them, sirs?" asked Jeanie, "they're not so very grand—but they're horse flesh, sure enough. One is lame in two legs and t'other is short in the wind, but they are guid eno for twa females. My dear," to Gretta, "fetch out the beasties for the gentlemen."

Gretta went to the barn, followed in a leisurely way by the first soldier. She ran straight to the horse which she guessed to be the faster of the two. He was bridled but not saddled. She did not wait for anything, but rolled her skirt around her waist and mounted astride. The horse fresh from his feed reared. The back door o' the barn was partly broken—she put him through the opening, grazing her leg as she did so, and turned his head toward the road.

"Hi—stop there—you vixen," shouted the surprised soldier. "We'll shoot—" threatened another. Indeed a shot rang out almost at the same moment, but Gretta rode on with clenched teeth.

She had chosen her horse at random, and now she knew that she was being followed. Between the gallop, gallop, of her own horse's feet, came the gallop, gallop, of others far behind. Far behind, but nearer than they were, still nearer—and she could hear a man's voice calling, "Stop, or I shoot," but she could not stop for the horse had taken the bit in his teeth. It seemed that both horse and man meant to kill her at any instant.

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More exciting things happen to Gretta!—

Just then, her eyes blinded by tears, despair in heart, she saw that another rider was approaching from the opposite direction. She rode on—clinging blindly to the mare's long mane—and now the newcomer had halted and drawn his musket. Gretta hid her face in horror. They were shooting around her. Her shoulder stung. She was hit. Her horse galloped on unhurt, but someone was riding at her side.

"Gretta—Gretta, are you hurt? There is blood on your arm!"

She looked up at that and saw Denis' pale face. "Are you hurt?" he asked, his voice shaking.

She smiled a little. "I don't think so," she answered. "It stings, but it is only my shoulder. What have you done, Denis? Tell me!"

"I've winged the bird," Gretta quickly replied, "and we'd better get away from these shores, Gretta. For if 'tis discovered 'twill go hard with us. By his look he was one of these militia men that are leaving the Continentals in thousands, their time being up. But where is Jeanie?"

Gretta told him. "But, Denis—we can't leave that man if he is wounded. It's a lonely road."

"We must leave him," Denis answered. "Gretta, they would hang me to that tree in a minute for less than I've done, so we'd better get away quickly."

"But I could go back. Do let me."

"Do you think I'll leave you! No. I was anxious and rode from Marblehead to meet you. We can be out of this country on the night tide if we are cautious."

"But—Jeanie! Oh, what shall I do, Denis, I believe you saved my life."

"I don't. He'd never hurt you except by accident. He wanted the horse and by all laws of war he had a right to it. But he'd have stopped us from getting away—so I had to stop him. Let me see that shoulder."

Denis cut away the stuff of her frock neatly and disclosed the wound. It was only a scratch he said, when he bathed it with spring water. They remounted and rode on.

But Gretta was weary and heart-sore. To leave Jeanie—and to leave a wounded man—to ride on because if they did not Denis might be caught and hung—this was war, the side of war a mere girl might know.

The little town of Marblehead smelt of fish and salt water. The fisherman who lounged beside his wherry on the untidy beach, told them in a taciturn whisper that he had nearly given them up. He rowed them out to a fishing smack, rising and falling innocently on a gentle swell, and they clambered aboard.

"This young lady is greatly fatigued," Denis said to the man who came toward them. "Can she have a cabin at once?"

Indeed Gretta's head was reeling and but for the Captain's arm she would have fallen. There was no more talk that night, and there were no more adventures either, and when she awoke it was full midday, and Denis was standing beside her with her breakfast.

Gretta's spirits matched the day, for were they not sailing at a great speed toward her father and her own people? Surely, if this wind continued it would not be long before they reached Staten Island, wherever that might be. Even her sore shoulder did not hurt her so much when she thought of that. When she had made her toilet and scrambled onto the deck to rejoin Denis, she was surprised to see that his face was dark and that he looked at her as if asking her pardon.

"What is it?" she asked, laying a hand on his arm. "Oh, Denis, we'll soon be there now."

"Soon enough, and what then?" he asked. "Oh, Gretta, I wish—"

"Why—" she paused aghast, "why—once we're with the British Army on Staten Island—"

"We're not going to Staten Island," said poor Denis. "The captain has changed his mind!"

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Gretta Cameron lives at Lulworth Hall with her grandparents, Lord and Lady Eastlake. She rejoices in having her cousin, Amory Lathrop, visit her for a while.

They are out riding, when they happen upon the hiding place of a charming gentleman who admits that he is a fugitive from the king.

When Captain Cameron, Gretta's father, returns from duty in Ireland, he decided to take Gretta to his brother's home.

On their journey, they overtake the Duchess of Hamilton and Argyll, also traveling north with her retinue. While they are passing through Nottingham Forest, where there are still highwaymen, the young man that Gretta and Amory had found in hiding, suddenly appears on horseback to warn them that robbers wait for them ahead. The Duchess recognizes him as Jimmy Carstairs.

At the inn, where they stop for the night, Gretta is awakened by the sound of horses' hoofs galloping down the road. She catches a glimpse of Mr. Jimmy's horse, riderless. She summons her father and he and the landlord find Mr. Jimmy down the road badly wounded.

The Duchess is visiting friends at Clumber House, where she stops with the wounded man, and Gretta and her

(Continued on page 59)

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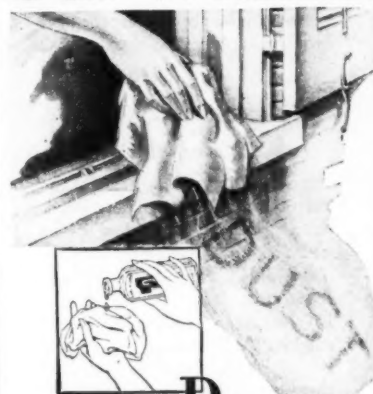
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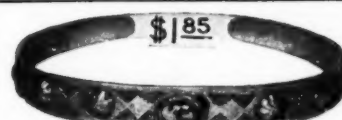
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Jean Lafitte, king of outlaws, in 1812 ruled the marshy jungle of Barataria, near New Orleans. And Joseph Lyman of Boston, at the request of the lovely and mysterious Juliette Bienville, finds himself joining the pirates to hunt a treasure buried in the heart of the marsh. 4 illustrations in color and 20 in black and white by Lyle Justis.

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From "Peep-in-the-World," Longmans, Green and Company

Books of the Holiday Season

By

ELINOR

WHITNEY

BOOKS in themselves have personalities which, just as in individuals, come from a variety of sources. You pick up a book, the words of the title, the details of the picture on the jacket, the name of the author, the chapter heading, the first sentence, each and every bit of it in turn starts up a procession of thoughts, of changing emotions. It is this very possibility of variation that is one of the greatest charms of books.

A Voyage to Treasure Land, by Anna Curtis Chandler (Harper's), is a book about art in different periods of history and different countries of the world. Each story deals with a different form of art or pictures, the setting in which an art flourished. Our first port of call is Greece and into the story of a boy Cleon are woven familiar subjects of Greek sculpture—the discus-thrower, the charioteer, the runner, the festival procession. The stories as stories may not interest you, but should you go to a museum after reading this book, undoubtedly you would carry with you many details that would make your visit of much more interest.

The Picture Book of Sculpture by Harold North Fowler and Mary Blackford Fowler (Macmillan) has splendid pictures of famous pieces of sculpture accompanied by descriptive but not terribly inspiring text. If the first book could be styled over-imaginative in its method, this might easily be styled unimaginative in its method. Which do you prefer? As for me, the one I like best is different still. It is called *Made in America* by Susan Smith (Knopf). It is a little book of American decoration and handicraft and tells of Paul Revere as a silversmith, of Baron Stiegel, stove and glass-maker, of Thomas Jefferson, first American architect, and other exponents and phases of art and craft in America.

To turn to a lesser art we have a book on the making of marionettes. *Marionettes Easy to Make! Fun to Use!*, by Edith Flack Ackley (Stokes), is an enthusiastic book which gives much practical information about the making of marionettes. Instead of giving one the feeling that to be successful marionettes must be intricate and require long practice to manipulate, this book with its explanations and drawings makes the whole art one from which the amateur can derive much pleasure, and opens up the possibilities of simple but effective productions. Five short plays are given. A book which may be used for either marionettes or for young actors is *Pinocchio for the Stage* by Remo Bufano (Knopf). It is a play version in four parts of the original Pinocchio story. Each part is complete in itself and as many as possible of the important adventures are included. The stage directions and the illustrations are planned as helps in the production. The parts are as follows: Pinocchio Runs Away; The Forest of the Blue Fairy; Pinocchio Turns Donkey; The End of Pinocchio's Dream. In *The Story of Mr. Punch*, by Octave Feuillet (Dutton), we have a fanciful story of this famous marionette. The stories tell of his life before he became so well-known on the stage, of how his ready wit made him get the best of his enemies and succeeded in putting them to very disconcerting trouble.

The Story of the Theatre, by Louise Burleigh (Har-
(Continued on page 51)



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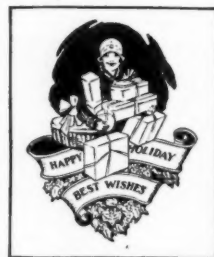


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597 Fifth Avenue New York

Books of the Holiday Season

(Continued from page 48)

pers), is a little book which traces concisely the development of the theatre from the Greek to our own.

The Ivory Throne of Persia, by Dorothy Coit (Stokes), is the outgrowth of interesting work which is being done in the King-Coit Children's School of Acting and Design in New York City. The stories have been told to the children to serve as material for their own art work and the illustrations used in the book have been done by them. Gorgeous scenes are presented to them in these tales of Persian heroes selected and retold from Firdusi's masterpiece *Shah-Nameh*. The deeds of Jamshid, Zal, Rustem and other legendary people are full of the splendor of high adventure and the oriental setting lends color and richness.

Among the new books of mystery, adventure and home life there are several outstandingly good ones. *The Crooked Apple Tree*, by Cornelia Meigs (Little, Brown), is a story of a varied group of people who enter into one another's lives bringing with them sympathy and good-will or the conflicting forces of distrust and selfishness. Anthony, aged thirteen, and Jane, nine, have been cared for by Nora, after their parents died, Nora who had two strong hands and a heart full of love. Jonathan Jarvis who was their guardian thought more of money than he did of human ties and he aimed to separate this little group (which included Brian Boru, a most appealing Irish setter puppy) for the practical purpose of economy. How Matthew Ballantine, the older friend who understood, Roger Jarvis, the young man with impelling ideals, Nora, Anthony, and Jane all worked together to bring about happiness and the fulfilment of a dream makes a very satisfying story; and you will note a rare literary quality in this work.

The Luck of Glenlorn, by Edith Ballinger Price (Century), is another fine story, well written, full of atmosphere, and unflagging in interest. Andrew Birk, a young American just out of college, takes a vacation trip to the Scottish Highlands from where his great grandfather migrated to America. Andrew finds that his name is destined to involve him in a strange mystery and the casual visit has a very remarkable and interesting outcome. *The Other Crowd*, by Mabel Pierce Ashley (Harcourt) is a book with many good qualities. Sally Hunter goes to spend the summer with her cousins at the seashore and finds herself in a summer colony which consists of two conflicting groups of young people with wholly different ideals. Sally finds that she must choose between the two groups and make up her mind which offers her the best form of friendship. All the young people are real (I am sure we all know a Marjorie, and also a Jerry and a Carol) and there is much discernment in the way they react to the various situations depicted in the book.

Books Every Girl Scout Will Enjoy Reading



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By Lenora Mattingly Weber

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A GIRL FROM LONDON

A Romance of Old Virginia.

By Rachel M. Varble

A charming story of a delightful little Tory whose sentiments toward America were changed when she met a charming Southern gentleman—General George Washington. 6 illustrations by Beatrice Stevens. \$2.00

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The delightful story of an orphan brother and sister, their devoted nurse and pet dog. 43 illustrations by Helen M. Grose. \$2.00

SKY HIGH: The Story of Aviation.

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A lively and authentic chronicle of aviation from the fourth century B. C. down to our time, lucid and instructive in its scientific detail and well seasoned with good humor. Both authors have had access to the Vail aviation collection. An Atlantic Monthly Press Book. 64 pages of illustrations. \$2.50

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By Helen Coale Crew

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By Bertha M. Hamilton

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Hazel Rawson Cades has some up-to-date suggestions in the January number—



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The Witches' House



(Continued from page 27)

Phyllis felt her little bubble of pride about her cameos break. It wasn't so fine to have old ones after all.

"I like to wear them because they belonged to my grandmother," she said almost humbly. "She loved them so. She used to be quite a belle in her day."

"Being a belle in her day probably meant dancing with the same man twice in an evening," Tom said. "Now if you get a girl you like, you hang on to her all the time. I met a girl here last fall before college opened. She was a pippin. She was a wonderful dancer, too. We had a great time. She taught me that tricky new dance step I showed you. Remember?"

Phyllis nodded. She remembered the tricky new step. She wondered if Morton Harold knew it and decided to ask him next time they danced. She had promised him the one after the next.

But he didn't come to claim the dance. Someone brought her a twisted up note.

"So sorry to miss our dance. Was called home suddenly. I'll drop in and see you soon. Save some dances for me on New Year's Eve."

Morton Harold came to see her the afternoon of the day before New Year's. Phyllis opened the door for him. She had seen Dan's roadster, which Morton had borrowed, stop under the *porte cochère*, and she had watched the tall, rather thin figure come around the house.

"Come in. It's dreadfully cold out and you must be half frozen driving around in an open car on a day like this."

"The others went to a hockey game," Phyllis explained. "It was too cold for me. I stayed home to be in trim for tonight."

"Yes, I saw them there," he said. "That's why I hurried over to you."

Sarah came in and Phyllis ordered tea. "Beth said there was something wrong with the car. Did it freeze?"

Phyllis shook her head.

"I don't think so. Tom said some wires had come loose. He didn't want to stop to fix it this afternoon because he didn't want to miss any of the game. So they took a taxi."

"Mr. and Mrs. Landis are away for a few days, aren't they?" Morton asked.

"Yes. Beth and I are keeping house and having lots of fun doing the job."

"The maid who came in when you ordered tea is rather queer looking. Something like an old witch in a fairy story," Morton whispered.

"Hush, here she comes with tea," Phyllis said and added in a normal tone of voice, "I'm going to buy an artificial necklace of some kind and put my grandmother's away."

"Do you mean to say that those cameos of yours are just lying around upstairs?" he demanded. "Why it's criminal to have them around, Phyllis. You

ought to keep them in a safety deposit box."

"I'm going to when I get back to school. But really nobody

knows about them but you and the Landis family, so that's pretty safe."

"It isn't right to tempt people, for anyone, it seems to me, would know that those were beautiful things. The settings alone are beautiful. You don't know what desperate things people do for money."

He spoke seriously, and she looked up at him and smiled as she answered lightly, "Well, they're hidden away safely in the top drawer of my trunk."

"I don't suppose the trunk is locked, is it?" he asked.

"No. But I've hidden the necklace in my handkerchief box. No thief would think to look there."

"Don't be talking about thieves, Miss Phyllis." Sarah spoke suddenly. She had been arranging the tea table and now she wheeled it closer to the couch so Phyllis could more easily reach it. "There hasn't been a robbery in these parts for years."

"It's time there was one again," Morton said looking at the maid closely.

"We've got a fine police force," Sarah answered sharply. "Will you need anything more, miss?" she added.

"Thank you, no, Sarah," Phyllis said with dignity. "I am not afraid. And now I think you can leave us. We seem to have everything."

The woman threw a vindictive look at Morton and left the room.

"Let's not talk about the necklace any more," Phyllis begged. "I've always thought of it as being an old-fashioned thing that Grandmother had left me because I was her namesake. I didn't realize the responsibility connected with it. I'll put it away—and leave it to my grandchildren!" and she laughed. "I'm sure I don't want a burglar's grandchildren to have the cameos."

"You know I'd like to take a look at Tom's car," Morton said, putting down his teacup and smiling across the tea cart at Phyllis. "Perhaps I could fix it."

"He'd be delighted, I know, if you could," Phyllis said, getting to her feet. "I'll go with you."

"No, you stay here. I won't be long. It's too cold for you outdoors and I can tell in a minute whether I can fix it."

"Don't be long," she said, going to the door with him.

He was back in ten minutes.

"I couldn't fix it," he said.

"Tom will have to have someone up from the garage. It was more than I could do."

"It was nice of you to try. Tom will appreciate that," Phyllis said.

When they entered the brightly lighted living room, after Morton had taken off his coat again, Phyllis gave a little cry of surprise.

"Why, Morton, what's hap—

(Continued on page 54)



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Dear Club Manager: It seemed that every one was getting new holiday clothes except me, and I've always hated to ask Mother and Dad for money, so I joined The Girls' Club!

I bought shoes and hose with my first week's earnings of \$7.00. Then I bought the cleverest new red-and-white sports coat to wear with my red prize tam.

After that, I saved up most of my money for the parties and good times. *Vincent P., Pa.*

Do you ever have that "everyone's-getting-new-clothes-except-me" feeling? Practically every girl in the world knows how important clothes are, especially around Christmas time, when the days are one delightful rush.

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Manager of The Girls' Club

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

1098 INDEPENDENCE SQUARE

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

The Witches' House

(Continued from page 52)

pened? You look like a ghost. Have you hurt yourself? Goodness you look ill!"

"I caught my hand in the fan belt. Nothing much, only it did hurt like fury."

"I'll get Sarah to get you something to put on it," Phyllis said, but Morton interrupted her.

"Please don't bother."

Before she could answer, the telephone rang and Sarah answered it.

"It's for you, miss," Sarah said, coming to the door of the living room. "Someone asked for you. Said long distance was calling."

"Oh, it must be Father!" Phyllis cried and sprang to the phone. As she lifted the instrument she turned to Sarah.

"Please show Mr. Harold where the bathroom is so he can wash his hands. He has hurt himself badly on the car. Do you know where Mrs. Landis keeps the iodine?"

Sarah nodded and led the way upstairs. Phyllis held the telephone patiently. After awhile a voice said, "Number, please?"

"You called me," Phyllis explained, "long distance, I believe."

"Do you know the number?" the voice inquired.

"No," Phyllis said.

"Sorry I cannot help you, madam. There is no one on the line now."

Phyllis put the 'phone back on the table and turned to re-enter the living room. As she did so she heard a soft knock at the front door. She put her hand to her breast, startled. Why should any one knock in that soft insinuating way? The bell was in perfect condition—

Sarah and Morton came downstairs. They heard the soft knock, too, and the boy thrust the maid aside and went to the door. He threw it wide.

A policeman came in. "Hush!" he warned them. "There's a burglar upstairs. There's a lad—"

der leaning against the window of the northeast room, and the window's open. I'll get him."

He went to the stairs and began to mount them carefully, getting out a wicked-looking revolver.

The boy and the girl and the woman watched him. They heard him tiptoe across the hall, throw wide the door of Phyllis' room and say, "Put 'em up! You're covered!"

Then there was silence, the sound of feet crossing the room hastily, more silence, then the sound of footsteps hurrying across the hall and the officer appeared at the head of the stairs.

"He got away!" he called to them as he ran down the stairs. "But he can't have gone far! I'll get him!" And he dashed out the front door and up the street.

Morton started to follow him, but Phyllis caught his arm.

"Don't leave me, Morton," she begged. "Come upstairs with me. The northeast room is mine, and I'm afraid to go up alone."

They mounted the stairs together, Sarah trailing along behind. Phyllis ran into the room and went directly to her wardrobe trunk. The top drawer was open, the handkerchiefs were scattered all over the floor. She gave a little cry of dismay.

"My necklace!" she cried. "It's been stolen! Oh, Morton, what shall I do?"

But Morton didn't answer her. He turned, instead, and ran out of the room. Phyllis and Sarah heard the heavy front door close behind him. He had run out without waiting to get his hat or coat. They stood and looked at each other in dismayed surprise, and there were tears in Phyllis' brown eyes as she turned and stooped and collected the handkerchiefs.

Who stole the necklace? Can you guess before reading next month's final installment? The solution is a strange one, you'll discover.



The Fall of the Mighty

(Continued from page 11)

Even Jadie might follow the pack to Ginna's side. "Yes," she answered with a weakness of tone Jadie took for beautiful modesty. She mumbled "I guess so—maybe," under her breath but Jadie did not hear it for she was squealing with delight. "Why, Mart Munro—you never told us you had a cousin in the movies! A cousin like *that*! Does he act under his own name?"

Poor Mart squirmed in the trap of her own setting. "What's his screen name?" Jadie was demanding.

"Tommy O'Neil," Mart took the first name that came to her mind. Tommy, the daring cowboy, beloved for his wild riding as it was pictured on every screen.

"Tommy O'Neil!" Jadie cried. "Why, Mart Munro—and you've never said a word—"

"Well, the family doesn't approve of him."

"Families are old-fashioned," Jadie promptly reassured her. "They don't know. But it is an honor—Mart, haven't you a picture of him? We've got to get one straight off. I'll write away for one."

Of course Mart should have forbidden Jadie to do it, then and there. But she did not have the strength.

Jadie Cox was a creature of swift purpose. She loved a fight, too, and this popularity contest was going to be a fight! Ginna and Mart weren't smiling

(Continued on page 56)

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The Fall of the Mighty

(Continued from page 54)

sweetly at one another, now. The freshmen and sophs were talking about Mart being jealous of Ginna. Jealous! And she had Tommy O'Neil for a cousin. Why, flying across the Atlantic was child's play compared to the risks Tommy O'Neil took!

So, triumphantly, a week later Jadie produced a large photograph of Tommy O'Neil and the story that went with it. "He's Mart's own cousin—second. But her family doesn't talk about it—they're old-fashioned—" Unblushingly Jadie embellished Mart's relationship.

Would Tommy O'Neil maybe come to the school? Maybe speak to them? Maybe give really autographed pictures of himself away? Would he bring Sandy, his horse?

Mart met the fusillade of questions with a modesty greater than Ginna's, indeed, with obvious reluctance to answer any of them. But she did not need to; Jadie talked for her.

"If you don't get that popularity vote now, Mart, I'll eat my hat," Jadie whispered to her, inelegantly but with sincere triumph.

However, Mart felt no rejoicing, rather a sickness of soul that made her ill. She grew pale and actually thinner and her mother began to worry about her.

Almost every morning, while she dressed slowly, Mart determined to confess everything. Her heart which hitherto had known no burden simply could not endure the load she had put upon it.

She was miserably aware that any moment might bring the story to her father's and mother's ears. And somehow, explaining, confessing to them was more difficult in contemplation than to stand before the school body, admitting that she had told a lie.

Statistics Day was the fifteenth of October—two weeks away. There was little doubt, now, but that Cousin Tommy was showing his heels to Cousin Jack. Jadie told Mart that. Every sign pointed that way—the freshmen talked of nothing but Cousin Tommy. And look at Carol Haskins—she was following Mart now like a shadow!

But Mart did not answer Jadie. She had nothing to answer, for there were no words for the emptiness with which she faced possible triumph. Popularity, at such a price, was a dark, doubtful honor, indeed! She didn't—truly, she didn't want it.

She regarded Ginna with sorrowful eyes. Ginna was remote, now, and a little hostile, and Mart realized it with a sincere grieving that was quite separate from her self-abasement. She and Ginna could never be friends again. They had been friends, in spite of their rivalry, and that friendship had made the rivalry healthy, and fun. But of course Ginna, who was fine and honorable wouldn't

want to be friends with anyone like her—a girl so cowardly and so base.

And after a little that realization gave definite shape to her wavering determination to clear her soul by confession. To Carol, perhaps? No, it should be to Ginna, because that would be harder, and Mart, with a fierce desire to scourge herself, wanted it to be hard. Yes, she'd tell Ginna the truth, first, let Ginna know just what sort of a girl she was. And in some way or other she'd make Ginna understand how much she cared about the friendship she was losing, that she'd come to see it was worth more than the silly popularity vote.

She wrote a note to Ginna. "Can I see you after school, alone?" And Ginna wrote a note in answer. "That's just what I wanted to ask you, Mart. Meet me in Freckles' room."

At the close of school both girls contrived to shake off their adorers, Ginna more easily now than Mart. But Mart was in Miss Peck's room before Ginna. Ginna, coming in, closed the door behind her.

"No one will dream we're in here," she said with a laugh that did not sound like Ginna's laugh.

"No, no one will dream we're in here," Mart repeated, simply because she couldn't think of anything else to say.

Now Ginna, shut in with her by Miss Peck's four walls, seemed more the desirable friend than ever. All the good times they had shared together trooped in on Mart's memory to make a lump rise in her throat. And she had to tell this Ginna, who was so fine and above all silly deceit, what must kill their friendship. The look that would come to Ginna's face would be punishment enough!

She had planned just how she would begin. "Ginna—I'm telling you first. I have a Cousin Tommy but he isn't—" And so on. But the lump held back the words.

Ginna had dropped her remote manner. She wasn't the Ginna whom the Winfield High girls knew.

She sat down on a desk-top and frowned, not at Mart, but at the space framed by one of the windows.

"Mart—" she managed. "I've been wanting to get you alone for days."

"Maybe she knows—" thought Mart, sitting down on another desk-top. If Ginna knew, it would be easier to tell!

"I'm getting awfully sick of all this fuss—you know, about the popularity vote. I don't care—honestly. It doesn't mean a thing to me, now. It did—a while back, but not now. You see, Mart—"

"She knows!" Mart fairly rejoiced. The lump was melting.

"It was all right when we just went after it the way we play basketball or hockey—or that sort of thing, like a game,



Phyllis' beautiful cameo necklace has strangely disappeared—

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but—but—but—honestly, Mart, I never dreamed that thing about Cousin Jack would come into it. It never occurred to me that the girls would make the fuss they did. I just did it for a joke—on that silly reporter—Donald Cook, you know. I have a Cousin Jack—Jack Wylie. And when Don said to me: 'Don't you wish Jack Wylie was your cousin?' I said, 'Why Jack Wylie is my cousin.' To see how he looked—you know he always looks just like a fish, and I wanted to see how a fish looked when it was surprised. Well, it sure started something! Whew—it was a good thing my folks weren't at home! And then I didn't dare deny it. I'm really an awful coward—"

Mart slowly slid from her desk-top to the seat. She felt all crumbly inside. She wasn't hearing Ginna aright, of course. Perhaps it was her voice that had been making those words—it was her confession, anyway.

"Ginna—" she began, uncertainly.

Ginna squared her shoulders. "Of course I'm going to own up to the whole silly business. But I wanted to tell you first. Funny, how you get to see things, Mart. I've been feeling pretty rotten about the whole thing and the thing that's seemed worse is losing your friendship. I like you a lot, Mart, and your liking me counts more than what the whole school thinks. Popularity—I hate the sound of the word. Well, you know now. Call me anything you like."

Of course by all the laws of proper reaction Mart should not have laughed, especially considering her own shame. But she did.

"I'm—I'm laughing—because—because I'm worse than you are. A lot. I have a Cousin Tommy but he isn't—" And then her story tumbled out, not in a too certain or proud a voice. "I was sorry the minute I let Jadie think it—I've meant every day to tell the truth, but I'm an awful coward—"

Now Ginna laughed, a short, sharp laugh.

"Well, we sure are a fine pair! Leaders! Humph. What are we going to do?"

"Let's go together and tell Carol Haskins the truth."

A little solemnly Ginna took Mart's two hands and gripped them. "If we have any of those qualities of leadership we've heard so much about, let's use them on ourselves first."

"Let's." And Mart's tone was fervent.

"Now for it. If I'm not much mistaken, we'll find Carol hanging on the hook outside of your locker."

Of the strength and duration of the shock that rocked the Winfield High the next day there is no record on any seismograph. The brick walls withstood it, but that was all. And through the wreckage Ginna and Mart moved humbly but they moved together.

"I don't feel as if I could ever hold 'p my head again," Mart confided to Ginna when they had escaped the hostile atmosphere of the locker room.

"I feel sort of—well, sort of *stripped*," Ginna answered sadly.

On Statistics Day an outraged underclass body elected one Anne Reamer as the most popular girl in the junior class.

(Continued on page 58)

Two Ideal Christmas Presents For Girls—



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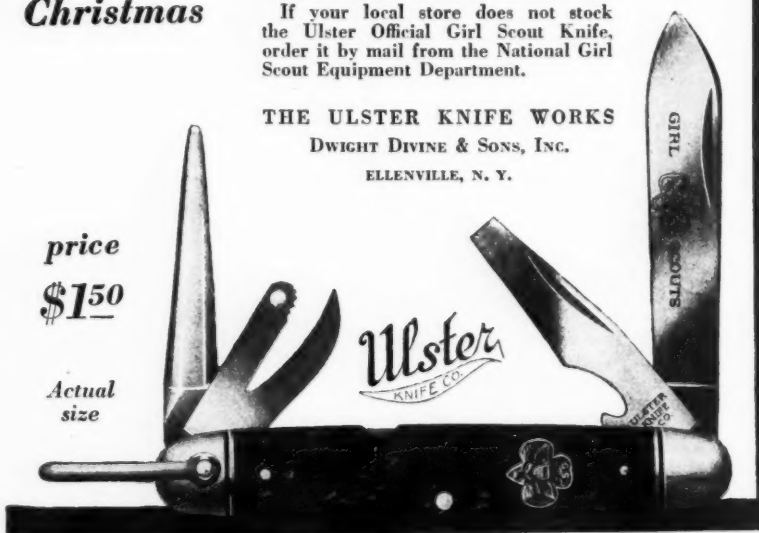
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The Fall of the Mighty

(Continued from page 57)

Anne was neither a Delta Phi nor a Theta Nu, nor did she know how to hold a hockey stick or toss a ball through a basket. But she filled a need. Someone had to be popular on Statistics Day.

It so happened by coincidence—or perhaps not so much by coincidence as by the planning of a hard Fate that likes to pile humiliation on the fallen—that a lanky youth was pasting a poster on the billboard outside the Olympia just at the dismissal of school that day. And this poster announced that Tommy O'Neil was coming in person to the Olympia!

Jadie Cox and Carol Haskins, walking each on one side of Anne Reamer, read it and exulted.

"That'll make Mart Munro feel good and cheap," gloated Jadie.

"She's coming now—with Ginna," whispered Carol gleefully. "Let's wait."

Ginna and Mart were approaching with linked arms. "Hullo," they said a little meekly, as become fallen leaders.

Jadie and Carol answered a brief "Hullo," quite devoid of any friendliness. Anne smiled uncertainly.

But because Jadie and Carol were there the two shamed ones did not see the poster. They cheated the waiting pair of their just satisfaction. But if Jadie's ears had been just a little more sharp, she might have heard Mart give the tiniest sigh. And, if Carol's vision could have rounded the droop of Ginna's head, she might have seen Ginna's lip curl disgustedly.

"Weren't we a couple of fools, Mart?" "We were," Mart answered. And, as if for comfort, she tightened her hold of Ginna's arm.

They walked, then, in a silence that might have covered their shared humiliation. But it didn't, not entirely.

"You wait—" spoke Ginna, presently, "when we play that hockey game with the Seminary, I'm going to make up for everything—"

"I'm glad basketball is going to begin soon," echoed Mart. "I'll not miss a minute of practice. I'll even give up candy—you see if I don't."

The Juliette Low Essay Contest

(Continued from page 33)

with her and to have her ideas as to how "world mindedness" could best be introduced to the girls. I hope to be a leader some day and would like to give my girls a more international outlook than many girls now seem to have.

Reading the story of Juliette Low's life has made a great impression on me. How much greater would have been the impression had I actually had her friendship. And how proud would I have been to say that I knew "not only the first Girl Scout but the best Girl Scout of them all."

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Hot entrées for the winter dinner table—

Red Coats and Blue

(Continued from page 47)

father resume their journey northward. In Glasgow, Gretta eludes Jeanie long enough to have a gypsy woman tell her fortune.

The next afternoon, the Captain leaves them hastily to go to the assistance of some Highlanders who are accused of being deserters. One of these is Jeanie's betrothed. He saves their lives.

After many hardships Gretta, her father, and Jeanie arrive at their destination only to find the Castle of Stavor burned down, and Gretta's aunt and uncle living in the gardener's cottage. So Jeanie suggests that she take Gretta to Boston to stay with her cousins, the Lathrops.

Captain Cameron is reluctant, but finally consents to Gretta's leaving with a Mrs. Bartholomew and her son, Denis. Captain Cameron himself is forced to go on one transport, while Gretta, Jeanie, and the Bartholomews sail on another.

A terrible storm almost capsizes Gretta's transport, and she is very much worried about the fate of her father's ship, of which she has heard no news for three days.

In Boston harbor their transport is captured by the Colonists. The Revolutionary War—and Gretta alone in Boston, for the Lathrops have gone! She is sent to stay with Mistress Lawson, a kind and gentle Quakeress, and her daughter, Harriet. Gretta and Jeanie are indeed prisoners of war.

One day a company of Rangers marches down the street. They all run to the windows to watch, when all of a sudden Gretta sees Denis. He looks up at her window, but seems not to recognize her. Mistress Lawson tells Gretta that she thinks the boy has lost his mind since the death of his mother.

And so some more adventures begin for Gretta, while Captain Cameron waits impatiently on Staten Island.

Christmas Gifts from a Scrap-bag

(Continued from page 32)

wanted this to slip in the pocket of my sport coat when I was skating or skiing.

On the red beret that went with this outfit, I appliqued two triangular pieces of blue and white jersey, and had a jaunty costume.

You have only to try it yourself to see how easy it is, and of course the minute you have spread out your pieces and started figuring, you will think of many things that I haven't suggested.

You will probably like your creations so much that you will be tempted to be an Indian giver when Christmas time comes around. But whenever you wish you hadn't given Aunt Jessie that scarf that would look so well with your own blue sweater—or when you are really sorry that your Christmas present to Mary Jane was that favorite tan purse you made from Dad's imported tie—just get out the old scrap-bag again. Then you can begin all over on yourself.

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Phyllis Duganne

(Continued from page 13)

tions. From babyhood I grew up under the influence of many literary people.

"When I was no more than seven years old I learned to use a typewriter and started in earnest to write.

"Mother and I used to spend our summers in Scituate, then prominent as a writers' colony. In addition to the Irwins, here were gathered Samuel Merwin, Leroy Scott, Jesse Lynch Williams, and here Gelett Burgess, who made me the heroine of one of his Goop books.

"I learned from them that a short story is quite different from a novel. Because it is so much shorter, the action must be compressed and built around a definite structure. It must have a beginning, a middle and an end; and something must happen in each of these places. The building of the plot on this framework constitutes the technique. Granted the technique is solid, the story may be told any way you like. It must be colorfully told and the action must be dramatized a little; otherwise, the story is slow. The characters must be human, alive and seem to act of their own accord, not be mere puppets pulled by strings manipulated by the author.

"Also, they taught me that one must study the markets one writes for and read the magazines and learn which is which.

"Will Irwin appointed himself official critic of my earliest productions. He made this a solemn ceremony. Once my story was finished, he appeared with a serious face and a glass of water to refresh my voice, should it grow tired, as I read my story aloud to him. If he laughed—and often he couldn't help it—I would tear the story up. Under influences of this nature I cut my eye teeth as an author.

"I attended the Girls' Latin School in Boston and wrote copiously for the school magazine. At the age of fourteen I wrote for this paper a story, 'The Jabberwock,' which one member of the faculty rejected, our editorial supervisor. She didn't like it and it didn't appear. Just four years later, when I was eighteen, I sold 'The Jabberwock' to *The Metropolitan Magazine*, with scarcely an alteration, for a fat check.

"I would have been editor of our school paper next year had I returned, but Mother and I left Boston for New York. I went one year to high school in New York and then pronounced my education finished. I was impatient to go to work and start this writing business seriously. My first job was on the *New York World*. Mr. Cosgrave, the Sunday editor, taught me that in writing a newspaper story, one does not begin with some flowery phrase as though one were writing a sonnet. One starts in with a bang and puts the gist of the news in this first paragraph. This one paragraph must be so interesting that the public will be intrigued to read further.

"Within a few months I was fired, following an interview with David Wark Griffith, the motion picture producer. Mr. Griffith telephoned the *World* in indignation and injured pride, wanting

Does every girl you know subscribe to "The American Girl"?—

to know why they had sent a child to interview an important man like himself. Mr. Cosgrave broke the sad news to me as gently as possible.

"I always had trouble getting jobs because I looked so young. No one would believe I was seventeen and an experienced writer. However, I supported both Mother and myself for over two years. I wrote book reviews for the *Sunday Herald* and other things at spare rates. At night I wrote fiction stories.

"With these I had luck from the start. I made the *Saturday Evening Post*, the *Ladies Home Journal* and lots of other big markets the first year.

"In 1919 with a group of other girls, clever young writers about Greenwich Village—which was in its heyday then, an interesting community, not the pseudo-art colony it is now—I helped bring into being the sparkling but short-lived little magazine called *Judy*. *Judy* had a meteoric career. She lasted for just five issues.

"I was one of those defaulting editors. In 1919, when I myself was nineteen, I married Austin Parker, a newspaper man and a daring aviator just returned from the war. We were married five days after he landed from France! Jane was born a year later. It was while I was in the hospital with her that I read the proofs of my first novel, *Prologue*.

"My husband and I started writing together. His particular facility lay in writing special feature articles. He had never had luck with fiction. But as he grew tired of newspaper reporting and we wanted to live in the country, he resolved to learn the art of the short story. Proof that it is an art, or a trade, which can be definitely learned just as carpentry and silver-smithing are, lies in Austin Parker's experience. For an entire summer he concentrated on one short story that the editors had refused to buy. He wrote it over and over dozens of times, and every single time it came back with a rejection slip, he polished it up a bit more, groomed the phrasing, tightened up the plot and sent it off again. Eventually he sold it to *Collier's* for three hundred dollars—a good round sum. Since then he has had few failures.

"The moral of this little incident is a very simple one: if at first you don't succeed, try, try again. Writing is learned only by writing. By careful elimination of one's faults and the study of plot and structure making. Many a good story has been landed eventually with a big fat check, only after it has made the round of many editors.

"If you carefully study a story that seems to you exceptionally good, you will find it is very simply told. There is no impression of effort. It seems to run along so easily that you wonder why you cannot write that way yourself. Herein lies the secret of the art. Tell your story as simply as possible—gaily and entertainingly perhaps, but avoid florid phrasings and a grandiose style.

"If I were to give one bit of advice to the ambitious, would-be writer I would say, don't try to put on airs in your writing if you want to sell your stories."

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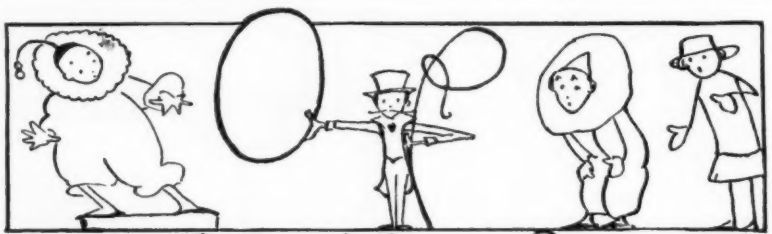
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Laugh and Grow Scout



A Costly Party

FOND MOTHER (back from party): I hope you have been good children, and have played nicely.

YOUNG HOPEFUL (jumping up and down with delight): We have, Mother; we had such fun. We let water into the tub, let it run over, and played Niagara Falls on the stairs.—Sent by BARBARA WIESTON, Appleton, Wisconsin.

Genuine Antiques

A certain small restaurant was kept by a man who prided himself on his cooking. He was amazed to hear a young salesman criticize a pie, one day. "Pie, young feller? Why, I made pies before you were born."

"O. K. But why sell 'em now?"—Sent by ELIZABETH BUTTS, San Diego California.

Clearing the Tracks

"A Girl Scout doesn't procrastinate." "No," agreed the small wearer of the uniform. "That's why I always do my good deed first thing in the morning and get the darned thing over with."—Sent by JOADA JOHN, Eureka Springs, Arkansas.



A New Automobile Part

A new driver was speeding down the street when a policeman came up to him and said: "What's the idea of speeding around town like this; why don't you use your noodle?"

"Noodle, noodle," said the driver, "which is the noodle? I've tried everything on the dashboard and I can't find

The Funniest Joke I Have Heard This Month

Reason Enough

MOTHER: How is it, Johnny, that I find you with your hand in the cookie jar?

JOHNNY: I don't know, Mother, unless it's because you wear rubber heels.—Sent by JOAN MORRIS, Mexico, Missouri.

Send THE AMERICAN GIRL your funniest joke, telling us your name, age, and address. A book will be awarded to every girl whose joke is published in this space.

the right one to make the car stop."
—Sent by EUNICE THOMPSON, Elmira, New York.

Tuning in Grandpa

Grandpa was dozing in his armchair and emitting sounds that might have come from a combination mule and buzz saw. As Mother entered the room, she saw Johnny twisting one of Grandpa's vest buttons.

"What are you doing?" she asked. "You know you mustn't disturb Grandpa."

"I'm not disturbing him," was the reply. "I was just trying to tune him in on something different from what he's giving us."—Sent by LORNA WILLIAMS, Washington, D. C.

Sleight of Hand



LITTLE GIRL (watching Mother open can of sardines): Mother, is it true that big fish eat little fish in the ocean?

MOTHER: Yes, dear.

LITTLE GIRL: But, Mother, how do the big fish open the cans?—Sent by MILDRED STERLING, Wilkes Barre, Pennsylvania.

Good Judgment

WIFE: I took the recipe for this cake out of the cook book.

HUSBAND (sampling the soggy thing): You did perfectly right. It never should have been put in in the first place.—Sent by HELEN MURPHY, Freeport, Long Island.

Common Sense

TEACHER: Willie, give the definition of "nonsense".

WILLIE: Well, "nonsense" is when an elephant is hanging over a cliff with his tail tied to a daisy.—Sent by ELEANOR GUSTAVSON, Flint, Michigan.

Now is the best time to get subscriptions to "The American Girl"—

"I Am a Girl Who—"

(Continued from page 17)

remember the day when people haven't spoken of us as "the most devoted family." And when we were little and Mother would dress us and send us to church, we'd hear people say—and we still do—"There go Mollie Calhoun's girls—such devoted sisters." And Clara and I just ready to pull each other's hair!

I was in the school library not long ago boning up on a history quiz. I was sitting on the library ladder on one side of a shelf of books, and Dan Moore and Ted Curtis were reading up on current events on the other side. But still I kept hearing snatches about girls getting more feminine and that sort of thing. I didn't pay very much attention until I overheard Ted say, "Well, she certainly gets away with it. She's feminine all right, but she's a good sport."

I thought I had better declare myself about that time, so I came forth with, "Who's the paragon, Ted?"

They both looked a little funny, but Ted said, "We were talking about your sister Clara. I said she was the kind of girl who could be feminine without being Victorian."

"Sure she can," I said. "She's a grand girl, even if she is my sister."

The boys went out and I sat there looking at Clara through other people's eyes. "Oh, golly," I said to myself as I finally climbed down and started home, "I'd like Clara so much better if only she weren't my sister."

I was so startled by this wise observation that I went out the door and bumped smack into her without recognizing her. "I beg your pardon," I said—and then when I saw who it was, "Well, you might look where you're going."

She made the usual sisterly retort smarteously, but I thought about the trade last from Ted I had for her and I told her what had happened and what I was thinking when I bumped into her.

"Of course," Clara said matter-of-factly, "we might treat each other as if we weren't sisters, and maybe we'd get along better." Then we shook hands and congratulated each other on having made a great discovery, and we made a solemn pact thereafter to be just as polite to each other as casual acquaintances.

We were so gracious to each other and to the whole family at supper that Jim said it looked like the new femininity had entered the home.

"No. Just a little new concord," we told him. "We're pretending that you aren't related to us, and we're treating you just as nicely as if you were a stranger."

The whole thing might have fizzed out right there, if Uncle Hector hadn't insisted that everybody at the table play the game, and we enjoyed it as much as if it had been a party.

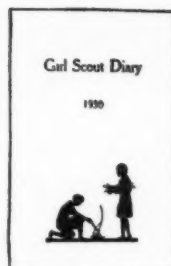
As for Clara and me—well, you can't imagine how wonderful it is to have Clara refrain from using all my dressing table things, because she wouldn't if I weren't her sister. And I've quit giving her a lot of sisterly advice, too. She seems to appreciate that.

BOOKS

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Your Holiday Sweets

(Continued from page 22)

Try some of the following variations which are delicious and easy to make:

Christmas Kisses

For these, make the plain meringue mixture. Put it on the baking sheet by teaspoons about an inch apart. With a knife, spread out each one a little so that it is about the size of a macaroon. Bake as directed above. When they are done, remove from the oven at once. Decorate each one with three tiny red candies in the center and two tiny green leaves cut from angelica. These may be served with ice cream as a dessert, or at a bridge tea, or as part of the refreshments at a dance. The candies and angelica may be put on the meringues before baking instead of after.

Green and Red Candy

Divide the meringue mixture into two parts. Add three drops of green coloring to the one-half, and three drops of red coloring to the other. Proceed as in Christmas kisses.

Date Kisses

3 egg whites	¼ cup blanched
pinch of salt	almonds chopped
10 tablespoons	1 dozen dates
sugar	chopped
1 tablespoon minced citron	

Beat up the whites and sugar as in general rule for the meringue and kisses. Fold in the nuts and fruit and bake as for kisses. These may be made in little cakes about an inch in diameter and two put together, or in cakes two inches in diameter and served as cakes for tea or as an accompaniment for ice cream or canned fruit.

For Spiced Kisses, add the chopped almonds and minced candied orange peel, the grated rind of a lemon and a pinch of cinnamon and cloves.

For Nut Rolls, add a cup of finely chopped nut meats.

For Chocolate Rolls, put four squares of sweetened chocolate in a pan and set it in the oven or over hot water. Melt. When the eggs are stiff and the sugar beaten, add the chocolate very gradually and beat into the mixture. Bake as directed above.

Marguerites: Pile any of these mixtures on small cookies or crackers and brown in the oven.

Cocoanut Drops: Add two cups grated cocoanut and a teaspoon almond flavor to the meringue and bake.

Raisin and Nut Meringues: Add one-half cup minced raisins and one-half cup minced nut meats to the mixture.

Macaroons

2 egg whites	1¼ cups powdered sugar
	½ pound almond paste

Make the meringue, then mix it into the almond paste. Roll this paste into tiny little balls. Flatten these into little cakes and bake as for meringues.

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OUR PUZZLE PACK



A Christmas Festival

A Girl Scout troop recently decided to give an entertainment during the Christmas season and with appropriate evergreens decorated the place in a very lovely manner.

It was while hanging some of the festoons, that one of the girls who was quite clever, suggested making a puzzle out of the inscription that was to be displayed. So accordingly, blank spaces were provided as you see them in the above illustration. The larger circles are to be filled in with letters that will spell words expressing the right sentiment for the occasion. When these letters are joined with others that fill the smaller circles, they will make true words connecting each one. This makes what we call a "word wave" puzzle. The definitions of the words to be used are as follows:

- 1-2. A ring of light
- 2-3. Expressed in speech
- 3-4. An ancient Jewish name
- 4-5. Frosted
- 5-6. Facts given
- 6-7. Numerous armed men
- 8-9. Equipment
- 9-10. A garment
- 10-11. Repose
- 11-12. The way out
- 12-13. Popular public conveyance
- 13-14. A useful metal
- 14-15. To find fault
- 15-16. Precious stones

An Enigma

I am the title to one of Dickens' well known stories. I contain fourteen letters.

My 6, 13, 4, 14, is labor.

My 7, 11, 3, 10, 2, is a month in spring.

My 9, 1, 8, 12, 5, are marks from wounds.

Puzzle Pack Word Square

From the following definitions build up a five-letter word square.

1. To seize
2. Knife used for shaving
3. Sky blue
4. Grieved
5. Plunders

Word Jumping

By changing one letter in the word at a time, transform TOIL into EASE in six moves.

Ye Olde Time Riddle

What is the difference between a timid child and a shipwrecked sailor?

Transposition

Fill in the blank spaces in the following sentence with the correct words, using the same four letters each time in different arrangement.

"The — man sat down to the — and ate as much as any able-bodied —."

Add a Letter

By adding one letter at the beginning of each of the following words, seven new words will be formed. The seven added letters will spell the name of a character in a story by Charles Dickens.

1. Team 2. Ream 3. Over 4. Pens 5. Pine
6. Rain 7. Bony

ANSWERS TO LAST MONTH'S PUZZLES

A LITERARY PUZZLE: 1. Twain 2. Hawthorne 3. Andersen 4. Cervantes 5. Kipling 6. Emerson 7. Ruskin 8. Alcott 9. Yeats Acrostic: THACKERAY.

REBUS BOOK TITLE: ROBINSON CRUSOE.

AN ENIGMA: The Lion and the Mouse.

PUZZLE PACK WORD SQUARE:

R U C H E
 U S U A L
 C U R V E
 H A V O C
 E L E C T

WORD JUMPING: Word, wore, pore, port, poet, poem.

YE OLDE TIME RIDDLE: Because he was never seen without a lyre.

PUZZLE PT: Jack Sprat could eat no fat,
 His wife could eat no lean,
 So it came to pass between them both
 They licked the platter clean.

ADD A LETTER: The seven added letters spell ODYSSEY.

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*gives the reserve power you need
for perfect reception.*



RCA made Screen-Grid Radio possible by creating the high-power Screen-Grid Radiotron and the new Screen-Grid circuit.

The great value of Screen-Grid is that it gives you high power with few tubes—the big reserve of power you need today under modern broadcasting conditions.

Obviously you get your greatest guarantee of high quality performance with Screen-Grid in a Radiola built by the same men who created the new tubes and circuit and gave them to the radio world.

In addition, you get the added advantage of another RCA achievement... you get the freedom from distorting

noises and electrical hum without the costly sacrifice of loss in fidelity and tone range... without that weakening of power and dulling of low and high notes which owners of ordinary radio sets must suffer when hum is reduced in defiance of electrical research and experience.

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RCA RADIOLA 46

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\$130 (less Radiotrons)

RCA RADIOLA 47

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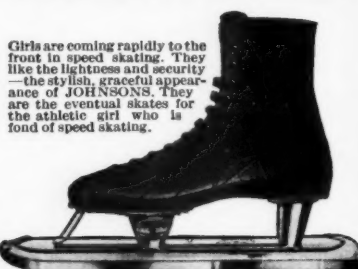
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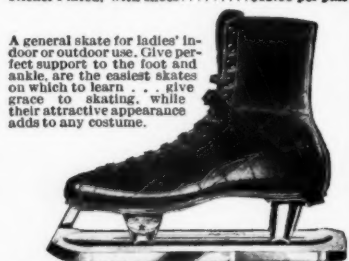
JOHNSONS

The easiest skates to skate on

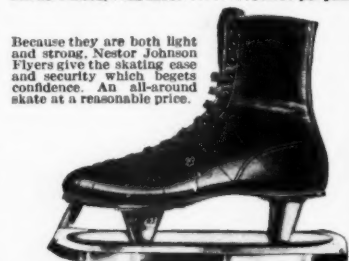
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